THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV
No. 1758

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

SEPT. 30
1933

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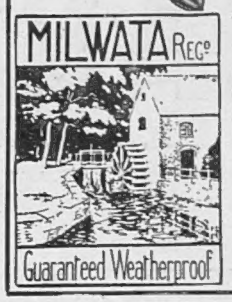

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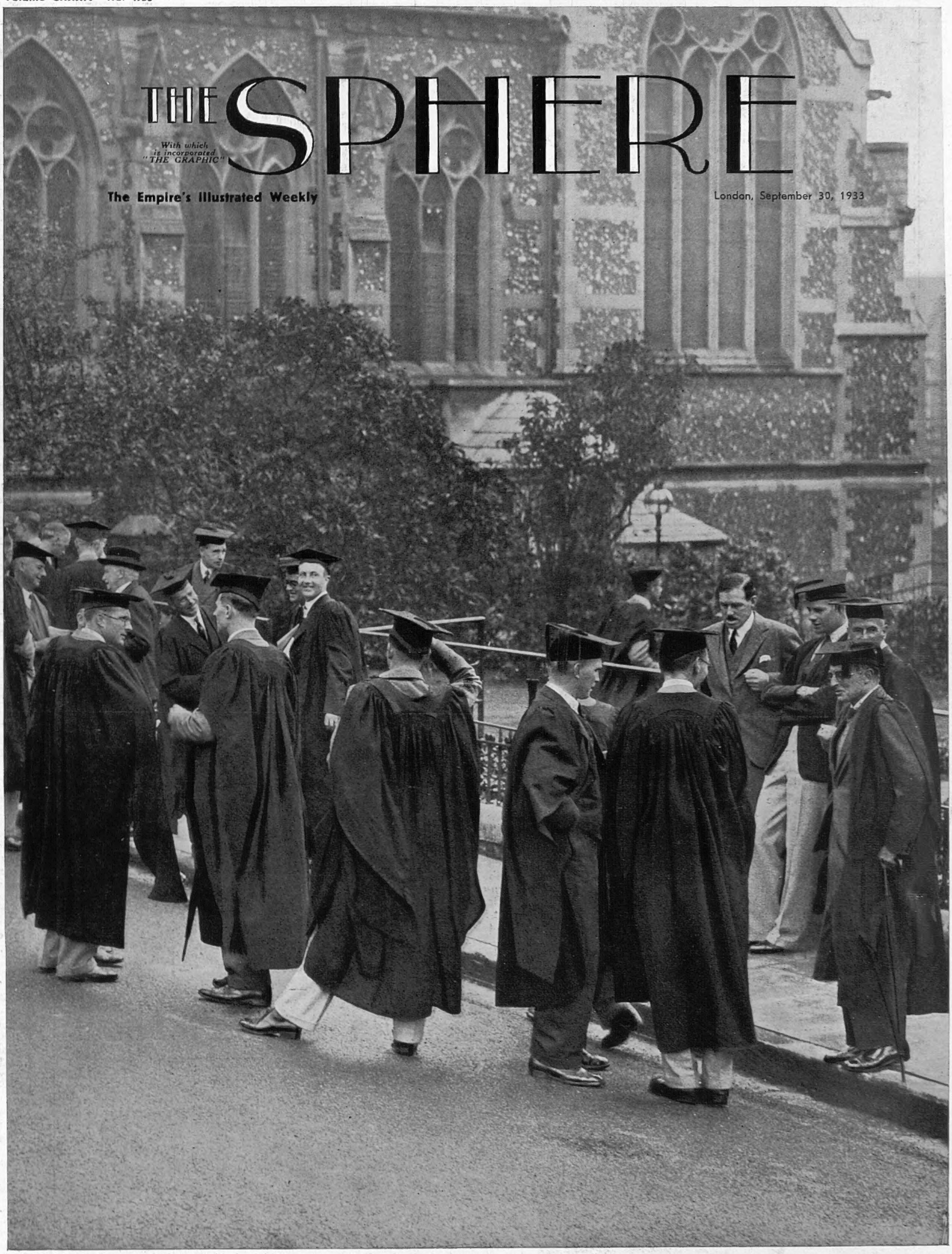
P.A.32.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 30, 1933



"ON THE TOP OF HARROW HILL"

The "Beaks" Assemble Outside the Vaughan Library on the First Day of the Winter Term

With the long summer holidays over, the great Public Schools have been busily reassembling during the past few days for the start of a new school year. At Harrow the almost deserted streets have sprung into life again. The tailors and outfitters are hard at work equipping the new arrivals with "bluers" and Harrow hats, and "The Hill," most famous of all school eating shops, is once more the scene of animation and activity. New boys, with a fortnight's grace from fagging, listen with awe as the passages echo with the cries of "Boy," probably little realizing how soon they will fit into this strange new world and what a few short years it will be before they too can raise the voice of authority. The above picture shows some of the "beaks" (masters) assembled outside the Vaughan Library before the beginning-of-term Conference. In the background is the chapel which, with its array of tablets, constitutes a remarkable memorial to the countless Harrovians who, in peace and war, have won distinction for their school

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

FRAMED IN SWIRLING FOAM: The new motor-lifeboat, *Charles Dibdin*, which the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has stationed at Walmer, taking to the sea after the naming ceremony by Lady Southborough, wife of the donor

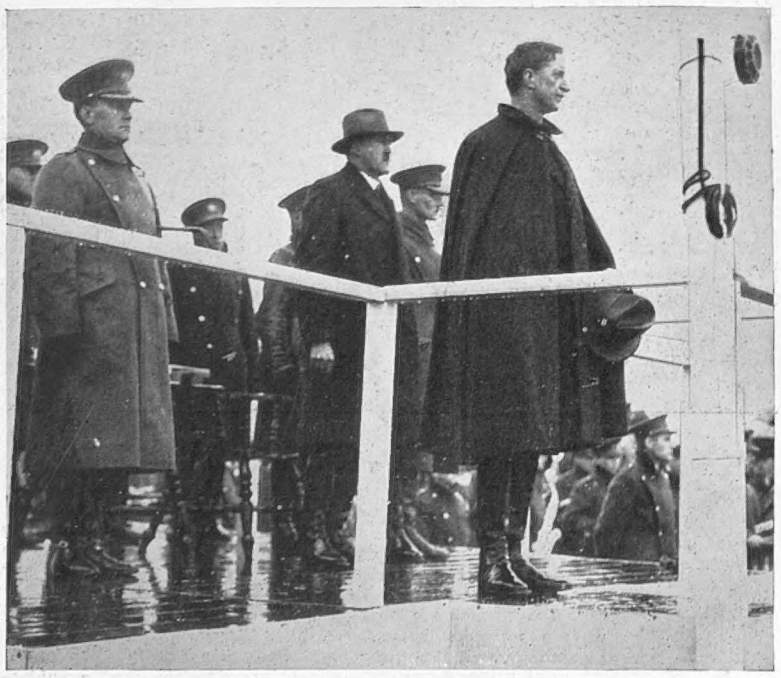
HILARITY AND HERRINGS: A cheerful party of Scottish "herring gutters" seen on The herring shoals are working down towards the Norfolk

A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 27, 1933.

THE RETURN TO WORK.

—The Ministers are one by one reappearing in Downing Street and Whitehall and taking up again with brown fingers the tangled skeins they so thankfully laid down at the end of July. The "best holiday ever" is virtually over and work begins again. In three weeks—appalling thought—the Disarmament Conference resumes its sittings. Sir John Simon is already engaged in Geneva, exploring the avenues of "regulated disarmament," another of those phrases or formulæ which have hitherto proved as futile as a drawing-room game. And indeed the phrase is not a happy one, since the Conference was established to regulate disarmament, and now at this juncture "regulated disarmament" is suggested as a brilliant afterthought, and a possible avenue by which a way out of the wood may be found. However, let us not cavil at a choice of words. Every Minister who has crowned his holiday with a political speech at some or other junket or fête clearly indicated that the Government intends to preach the dangers of a return to party politics and to stress the reduction of unemployment, the improvement in home industry, and the measures taken to help agriculture as the three main points in the claims of the National Government to have succeeded, and to deserve continued support. It is more than likely that before very long, and long before the life of the present Parliament ends, an appeal to the country will be made, with these and other arguments, to establish us on a basis of political security for another definite term. And indeed it is vital to avoid party tactics and to secure such permanence at home, for the position abroad is as doubtful, if not quite so dark, as ever it has been during this fateful year. The political experiments in Germany, and the economic experiments in America, cast across the whole face of Europe and of the civilized world giant notes of interrogation, and raise possibilities for those nations and for their neighbours, the issue of which no human being can foresee. If ever there was a time for a solid front at home, it is now. If we are called on to jump, we must jump as one man. It is thus that returning Ministers speak and feel.



IN TROUBLED IRELAND: President de Valera taking the salute at the march-past of the Irish Free State Army during last Sunday's review in Phœnix Park, Dublin. A heavy downpour marred the occasion

WAR TALK.

—On the credit side it must be admitted that the improvement in the economic situation is not confined to the British Empire. In the midst of their political upheavals even Germany and Austria claim an insidious but real improvement in unemployment and trade balance. There are many who believe that the political and the economic problems are entirely distinct, and that while Governments are in labour an exiguous mouse called "trade revival" is born to other parents. But the political upheaval has results which must of course quench the flame of economic revival, howsoever fanned from a spark. And politically the situation is black indeed as viewed by delegates to the League and to the Disarmament Conference (which will resume in three weeks' time). The belief is widely held in France that Germany is secretly arming and bent on war. That such an event must be national suicide does not weaken the belief of those who hold it. It is not a general belief. We are not on the verge of war in Europe. But the belief in war is sufficiently widespread to make any immediate agreement on disarmament in the highest degree unlikely. If Germany were to "go to war," the only important shots in her locker would be chemical warfare and air-bombing, and the outlawry of these horrors is the mild first stage or compromise which the optimists of the Disarmament Conference aim at achieving. It is not very hopeful. The major problems of last July have undergone no change for the better during the holidays. Disarmament, international currencies, war-debt settlement, we resume these appalling jigsaw puzzles just as we left them in despair at the end of July.

THE BECHUANA CHIEF.

—It is to be hoped that the name of Tshekedi (or for that matter, of Mackintosh) will not be added to the list of obscure individuals whose rights or wrongs have caused major upheavals, so that history immortalizes their names. Such was Jenkins, such was Don Pacifico. Mr. Thomas, we hope, will straighten out the tangle which is not inextricable. Tshekedi was doubtless technically wrong in exercising jurisdiction over Mackintosh, a European. Therefore Admiral Evans was technically right in taking note of the Chief's unlawful action. The real trouble arose from the fact that Admiral Evans' sentence of suspension and banishment seemed at first sight too severe. It is argued that the technical breach would have been adequately punished by a reprimand, and for two reasons: that Mackintosh accepted the Chief's jurisdiction and concurred in the justice of the sentence; and that Mackintosh had long proved an intolerable affliction to the native community and a very bad advertisement for European civilization. So it is argued; but the Acting High Commissioner's views remain to be heard and considered.

LADY OXFORD AGAIN.

—Friend and foe, the flattered and the criticized, all alike agreed, when Lady Oxford published her first batch of autobiographical recollections, that she was a past master at the art of vivid narrative and brilliant analysis. We thought ourselves advanced enough in all conscience then, but, Lord, what a lot of invigorating water has run under the bridges since we first read and thrilled over that account of her third-class-carriage prayer meeting with General Booth which ended in concussion out Newbury way; and since we clucked and shuddered over the intimate details of the hopeless passion of poor Mr. Flower! To-day such revelations seem almost Victorian. By

...e quayside at North Shields where the closing days of fishing have now arrived. ...oasts and activity may be expected at Yarmouth next week

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH GOES "SLUMMING": Sir Hilton Young preceded by Dr. J. J. Jervis, Medical Officer of Health, leaving a yard in West Street during his tour of the Leeds slums

NEWSLETTER

a strange irony, to name your unsuccessful lovers, and to chronicle their stuttered entreaties and passions and sighs, are to-day but old-fashioned book-making from which once Margot would have turned her face. Well indeed, since she keeps her finger on the pulse of things, does she know this and well she knows, since she is a sound literary critic, that the sequel in literature has a gloomy record. It does not come off once in fifty times. It ends in bathos and loss of reputation almost always.

WHY?—Why then does she offer us a new instalment, a second netting of a well-trawled sea? There may be many reasons. The publisher tempts with a glittering offer; times are hard, the cost of living twenty-four-hours-a-day is still high and money is money. Or again, she is perhaps still at heart a gambler and loves nothing better than taking a 50–1 chance. Or (and the third alternative is linked with the second) she believes in her genius, believes that Margot is still Margot and *capable de tout*—and there you are! She dissects herself again and finds at least that she is still materially a paying proposition, and that the men who loved her may still be made to contribute to her needs. And so the public gets another only too readable instalment of the mixture as before. That brilliant self-dissection (no doubt at all that the world pants to view the exhibits prepared for the Inquest!); that fierce searchlight on dead men's loves and dreams; and lastly, those shrewd and mordant pen portraits of public men who in politics were not always loyal to her husband. A book to read—if you have not too soft a heart and possess a fine, vigorous zest for life.

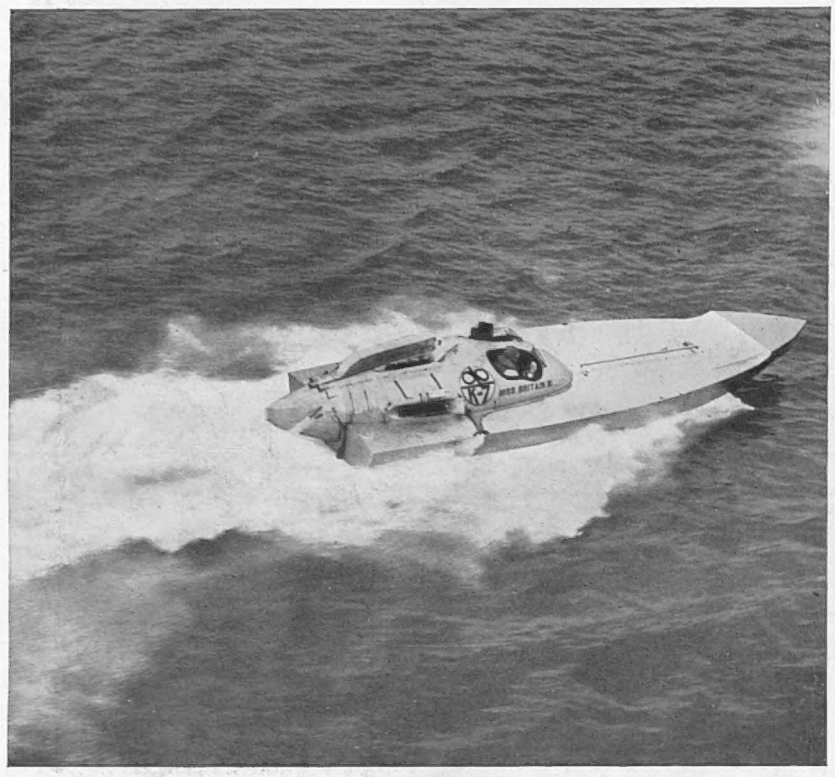
THE NATION'S HEALTH.—If the 1932 Report of the Ministry of Health accurately appreciates the statistics, the Nation's general health was never better in its history. This is news which must appeal to everybody, even to the undertakers, since the desire for long life and health is even stronger than the desire for wealth. Sir George Newman, the C.M.O., attributes the improvement to a number of causes. *Imprimis*, he believes that the nation is "learning the art of living," and this vital clause, which implies a wiser use of the advantages and amenities which are ours, includes greater attention to hygiene, more care in dietary, more sense in clothing and personal cleanliness, and more use of fresh air; and lastly, a sharp and general reaction against excessive resort to alcohol. Now, the reaction against drunkenness can be clearly traced to social reform and scientific discoveries. Its prime cause was lack of recreation, the absence of colour in life, and the want of hope and confidence in the future for the vast mass of the workers up to the present century. Science and social reform have brought these necessities in plenty to the masses. Cheap transport, the cinema, radio, a share in the government of the country, a realization of their responsibilities and privileges of citizenship, better housing conditions, shorter working hours, and opportunities for change of scene and open-air recreation have removed a great part of the causes which led to drunkenness and crime. The Government's contribution to the better health of the nation roughly includes better housing, higher wages, cheaper and better food, safe supplies of water, extension of medical services, and, best of all, insurance against destitution in old age or ill-health. The Government's contribution must be assessed with reservations since it was largely public opinion which pressed successive Ministers from behind and forced these social reforms on the Statute Book. There is much more to be done. Slum clearance is only beginning, a great part of the nation still needs instruction in cooking and the selection of food, and a vast amount of infected milk is supplied to the public. But progress in health has been immense, and the past decade of unemployment and economic depression has failed to check it.

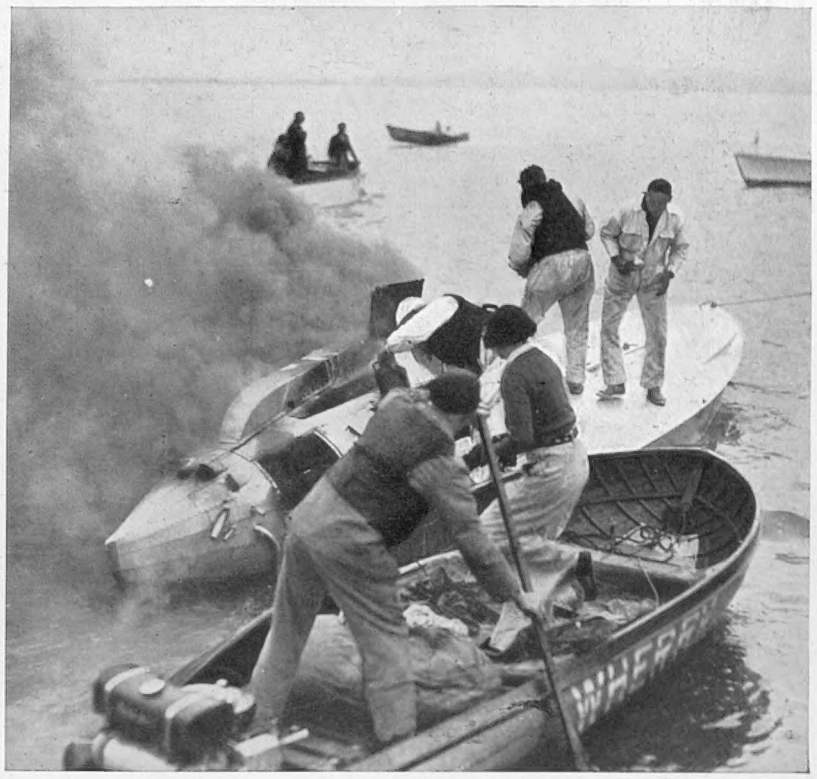
"MENS SANA"?—In this good showing it is inevitable that the Victorian era will come in for another general condemnation—its one-sidedness, its hypocrisy, its stuffiness, the hideous contrast between its virtue and uplift on the one hand and its gin-sodden, hopeless slavery on the other. We shall rejoice in our wisdom and glorify our age which has "learned the art of living." Let us hesitate before we boast too outrageously. If we have "learned the art of living," have we nothing to learn from our fathers of the art of dying? Can we grow old as gracefully, as philosophically, as they? Perpend a little. There were in 1932 five suicides to every two in 1900. That figure does not surely imply the attainment of the perfect ideal *mens sana in corpore sano*. If the bodies of the nation have benefited from a vast increase in diversions, interests, and recreations, it does not follow that the minds of the nation have kept pace in the general improvement. It is very certain that we have shed a number of fine Victorian virtues which disciplined the mind and bred a grand endurance, patience, and philosophy which robbed old age of half its terrors. Can we boast that we know how to die gracefully? It would be sad, indeed, if all our labours in social reform, our elaborate legislation, our poured-out millions, have produced a race of half-wits glowing with bodily health, a race of A 1 mentally-deficients. We have shed our religious beliefs to a large extent, we scoff at the ideals, the conventions, and the traditions of our fathers. These were good and bad, but, in the main, they made for discipline and inculcated patience and restraint. And as we have increased the means for diversion, we have killed the God-sent art of improvising recreations for mind and body by our own initiative, the only true insurance against a tragic old age. Not seldom I watch the little victims play. They turn the knobs and switch on the buttons and fill another and another empty hour, but what if a time come when programmes fail to amuse and cinema stars pale? THE OLD STAGER

BACK TO WORK: Scholars of Westminster School assembled in Little Dean's Yard after attending morning service in the Abbey on the first day of the new winter term

"MISS BRITAIN III" COMES TO GRIEF

And Other News of the Week





TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY IN POOLE HARBOUR: After setting up a new record for the British sea mile in his motor boat *Miss Britain III*, Mr. Hubert Scott Paine gave an exhibition run for the benefit of those who had not seen his earlier performance. Unfortunately a leak in the petrol system resulted in a disastrous fire, and the pilot only just managed to throttle down before the flames reached the driving-seat. Mr. M. J. Willcocks, who was with Sir Henry Seagrave when he met his death on Lake Windermere, immediately rushed to Mr. Scott Paine's assistance and is shown in the picture on the right pouring the contents of a fire extinguisher on to the badly-damaged engine. Mr. Scott Paine, who was unhurt, returned to England only last week after an unsuccessful but gallant attempt to beat Commodore Gar Wood in the race for the Harmsworth Trophy

MISS FRANCES DAY measuring out a pint of a new brand of petrol before giving it a test in Regent's Park. In the foreground is her dog, "Bill," who also appears with her in the Charlot revue

ELLEN, a four-and-a-half-months-old baby who has just left London for India where she is to be adopted by the Principal of the Narsinghpur Theological Seminary

MR. J. P. H. BENT, a former head of the school, has now returned to Harrow as an assistant master. He is seen walking past the chapel on the first day of term

MR. CARLYLE BLACKWELL, well-known American film star, arriving in London with his wife, a former member of the Ziegfeld Follies. The couple are planning to settle down in England

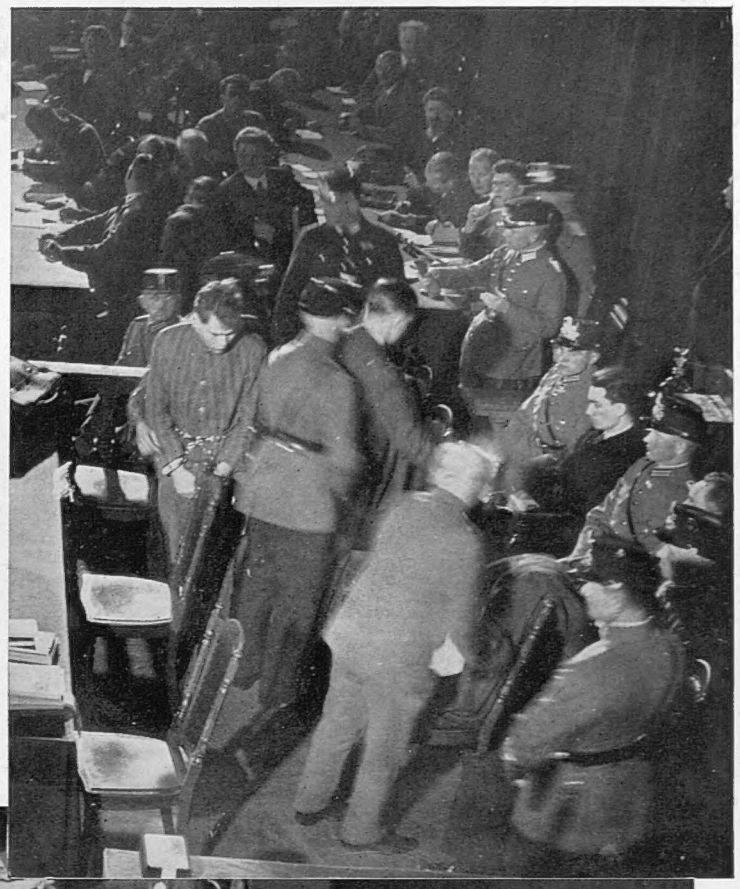
THE M.C.C. TEAM LEAVES FOR INDIA: D. R. Jardine (centre) poses on the platform at St. Pancras with (left to right) B. H. Valentine, James Langridge, W. H. Levett, and Nichols

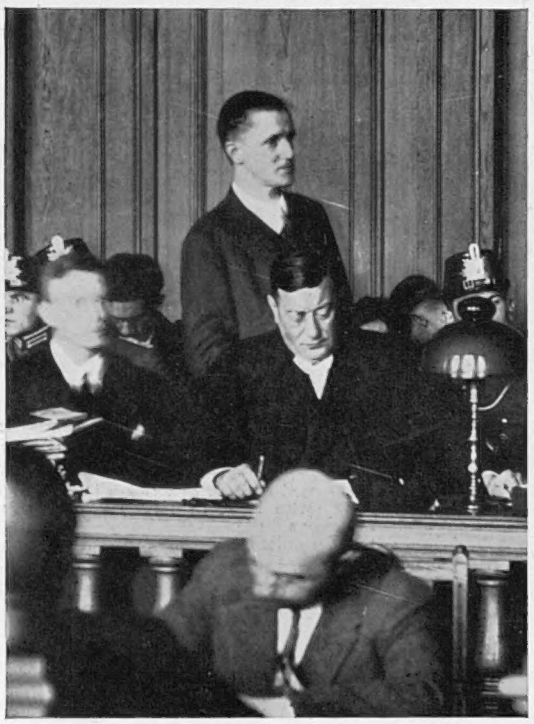
OUTWARD BOUND: Francine Larrimore and Sally Blane, the American actresses, seen with Leslie Banks on the *Berengaria* before the liner left for New York last week

The REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL

Scenes in the Supreme Court at Leipzig

THE ALLEGED INCENDIARY STANDS BEFORE HIS ACCUSERS: The twenty-four-year-old Dutchman, Van der Lubbe, collarless and dressed in prison dungarees, standing with shoulders hunched and head bent before the judges of the Leipzig Supreme Court. The accused, according to eye-witnesses of the trial, is either a mental deficient or a consummate actor, his hysterical laughter and inability to answer the simplest questions having done much to hold up the early stages of the trial. *Right*—Van der Lubbe, chained at the wrist, being led into court at the start of the proceedings





A DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE: Herr Torgler, former Communist leader in the Reichstag, addressing the Supreme Court during his denial of all connection with the fire. His straightforward bearing, after seven months of imprisonment, provided an extraordinary contrast to the hang-dog attitude of Van der Lubbe

THE ACCUSED: A general view of the dock in the Leipzig Supreme Court. In the second row are Torgler and Van der Lubbe, and behind them the three Bulgarians, Georgi Dimitroff, writer, Blagoi Popoff, student, and Wassil Taneff, shoemaker. All the prisoners, who were under heavy guard, were minutely cross-questioned regarding their whereabouts immediately before the Reichstag fire. Taneff, who was the last to be examined, admitted that he had arrived in Berlin with a false passport, while Dimitroff, who appeared completely unaffected by his surroundings, urged his fervent belief in the proletariat revolution but repudiated all connection with terrorist outrages

IMPRESSING THE PRESS: Dr. Frank, Nazi Minister of Justice, discussing the case with representatives of the German and Foreign Press before the start of the Reichstag trial. Correspondents from all parts of the world gathered to report the proceedings

DR. GARFIELD HAYES, distinguished U.S. lawyer, whose offer of assistance and evidence of innocence has been refused by Herr Torgler. In the above picture he is seen with his secretary outside the Leipzig Supreme Court

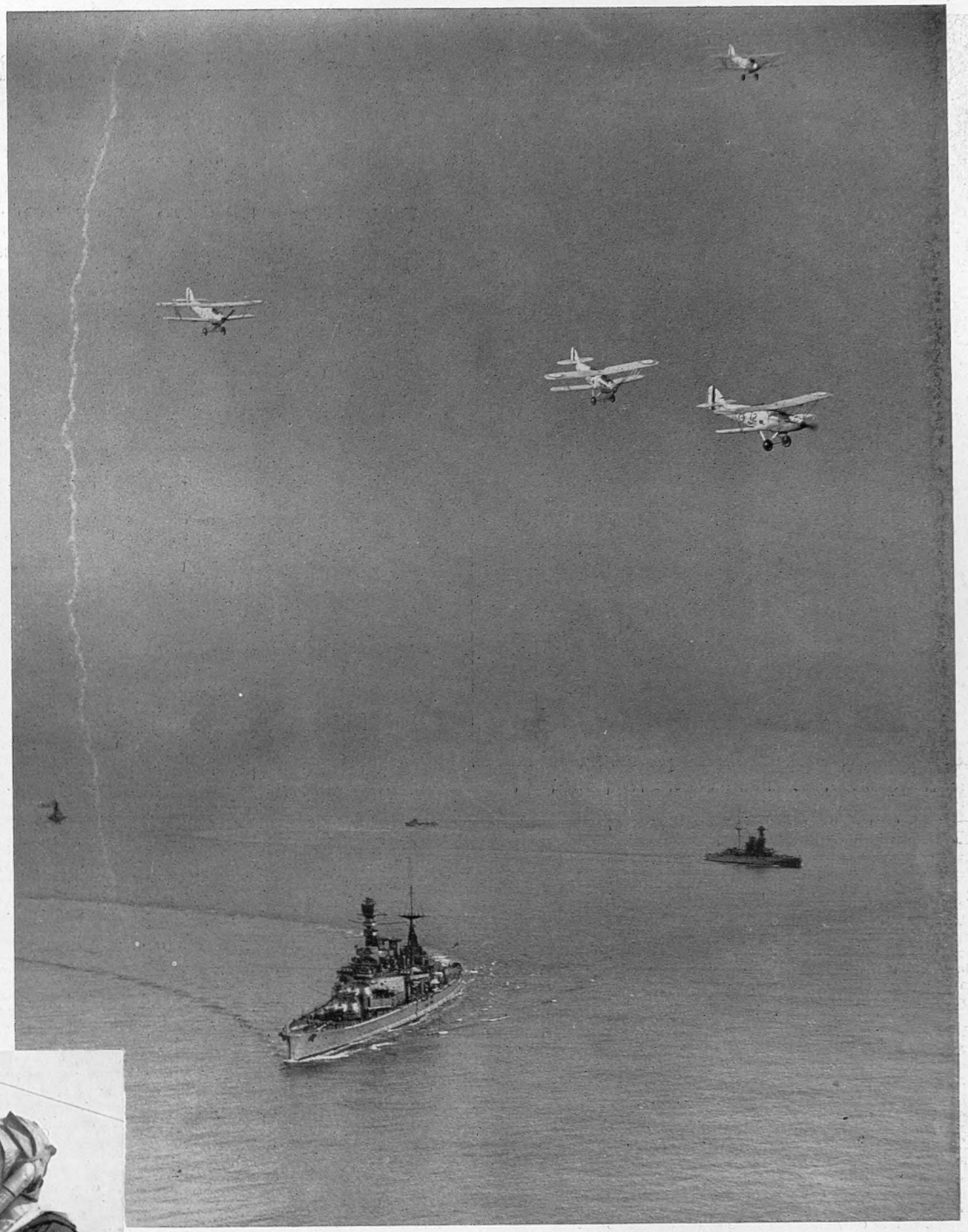
WAR ON THE FIFESHIRE COAST

The Attacking Powers of the Navy and Air Force Put to the Test in the First Combined Mimic Battle of its Kind

"BLUE" AIRCRAFT ATTACK THE "RED" NAVAL FORCE: A vital moment in the battle off the Fifeshire coast as the aircraft carriers *Furious* and *Courageous* (left centre) were threatened with destruction from a "Blue" bombing squadron. The *Renown*, the *Warspite*, and the *York* are seen cruising on the right in zig-zag formation, while in the distance destroyers can be observed steaming to the rescue of the vulnerable aircraft carriers

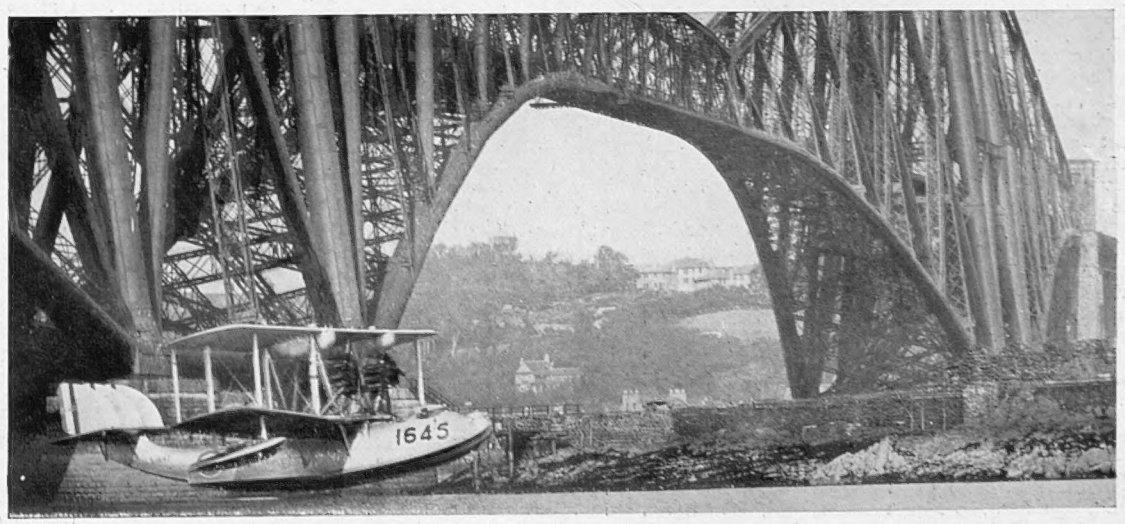
THE NAVY'S AIR ARM PREPARES FOR BATTLE

R.A.F. men loading torpedo tubes on three of the bombers attached to the aircraft-carrier *Furious*



DIVE BOMBING: A spectacular 300 m.p.h. dive by Harts bombers on the capital ships of the "Red" Naval Force. The machines, coming from behind the clouds at an approximate height of 10,000 ft., closed in at tremendous speed and, before a counter-attack could be launched, dropped their dummy bombs and, with a deafening roar, sped away to the safety of the clouds. The leading ship is the *Renown*

BATTLE AT SEA: A seaman receiving instructions from the bridge to counter a threatening aircraft bombing attack

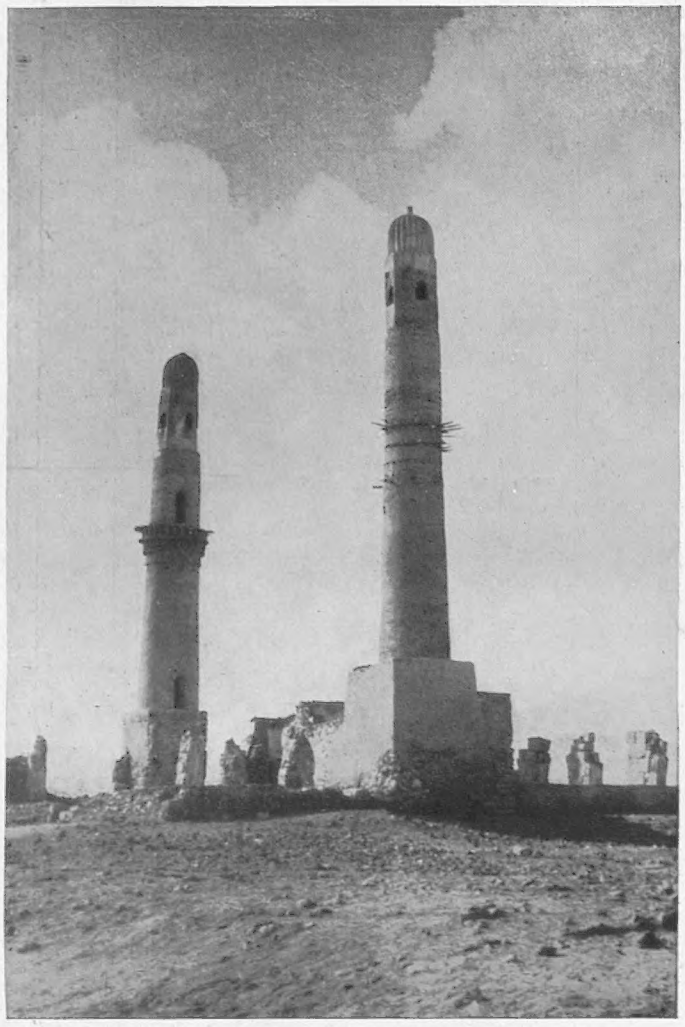


IN THE FIRTH: One of the Flying Boat Squadron leaving the "Blue" base near the Forth Bridge to locate the position of the approaching "Red" fleet

The combined Naval and Royal Air Force exercise off the Fifeshire coast, which came to an end on Saturday, while giving neither side a victory it could prove, at least provided pilots with much-needed experience in the art of conducting operations over the sea, and gave the naval men a chance to estimate the measure of their vulnerability from the sky. The least protected combatants were clear y the aircraft carriers, while the most potent attacking force were Harts bombers which, with their tremendous diving speed, were able to menace the capital ships almost unchallenged. There is no doubt that this mimic battle will add appreciably to the knowledge of both sides and will probably pave the way for many important improvements in tactics.

A "BREEZE" in the PERSIAN GULF

The British Protected Islands of the Persian Gulf only occasionally figure in the news, although of recent years they have several times caused a stir in the world of Middle-Eastern politics. The recent incident at Basidu, Island of Kishm, when the Union Jack was hauled down by the commander of a Persian sloop, appeared at first to be the forerunner of even more disturbing events, until honour was satisfied by a full apology and a reasonable explanation. It must be remembered, however, that in the past Persia has more than once thrown out feelers in the direction of suzerainty over several of these islands. Bahrein, on the Arabian side of the Gulf, which is described in the accompanying article by W. J. Makin, provides a case in point. For in spite of its pestiferous smells it has considerable importance as a pearl-trading centre



A RUINED MOSQUE on the Island of Bahrein, Persian Gulf

Bahrein! An island of parodoxes. When I first glimpsed it over the rail of a cargo steamer slithering over the gentle surface of the Persian Gulf I turned my head away in disgust. A place of pestiferous smells, rotting oyster shells. Yet Bahrein is amongst the most important of islands east of Suez. On this miserable strip of sand capped by a heap of rock, nearly £2,000,000 worth of pearls are bought and sold every year. Once again the island is assuming international importance. It is said that Persia is casting covetous eyes in its direction.

Unless you are interested in pearls you are not likely to visit Bahrein. But should you set foot upon its ulcerous beach at ebb tide, the place assumes the character of a fantastic chapter in the strange and marvellous voyages of Sinbad. An Arab feeds his donkey on fish and dates. A naked diver plunges with a skin bag into the sea to bring up fresh water. An amateur archæologist delves into crumbling tumuli and debates the possibility of the island being the original birthplace of the Phœnicians. And through the bazaar walk men with crooked noses, flat chests, and eyes that are blind—the pearl divers.

Bahrein is only one of a little group of islands in the Persian Gulf. Hidden away in what is perhaps the hottest sea in the world, lost in a miasma of sunshine, and surrounded by sailing craft whose white sails cut the clear sky as the fins of sharks cut the turquoise blue of the sea, these islands have often roused international rivalry.

The coffee-houses of Manama, the chief port and capital of the group, are full of excited chatter. Arabs, Persians, Turks, Parsees, Bengalis, and maybe an African negro or two are disputing with heat in a climate that causes great weariness. A sheikh had died. And for once the endless and inevitable discussion of pearls and prices is lost in the devious bypaths of Oriental politics.

Recently the Sheikh Abdullah, the nominal ruler of the Bahrein Archipelago, died. Ten years ago Abdullah was one of the many sons of the ruling sheikh, all of whom were intriguing. The British authorities favoured Abdullah. The old sheikh was persuaded to abdicate, and Abdullah reigned in his stead. The other brothers accepted their defeat sullenly. Now that Abdullah is dead and one of his sons has ascended the throne there is much excitement as to the future of Bahrein.

For many years now the islands have been under the protection of Great Britain. The East India Squadron, its cruisers and sloops, have driven the pirates back to the creeks of the mainland. Peace and prosperity have been brought to the pearl dealers and all who live in the archipelago. And under that régime the island of Bahrein has become one of the most crowded islands in the Orient. There are 450 souls to the square mile in Bahrein. The pearl industry employs over 20,000 workers and has a fleet of 1,000 boats.

The principality of Bahrein is still recognized as independent, but is in treaty relations with the Government of India who are represented by a political agent working under an Order in Council. Several times Britain has been called upon to intervene to keep the independence of the islanders. The Sultan of Oman, also Ibn Sa'ud of the Wahabis, as well as the Turks and the Persians, have laid successive claims to Bahrein. Persia made her last effort at suzerainty in November, 1927. But the British Government replied with a Note refusing to consider the claim, and declaring their intention to protect the islanders against any attempt to subject them to foreign domination.

Again, it was the difficult attitude of Persia towards Imperial Airways route to India that once again emphasized the importance of Bahrein. Previously it was the Persian coast over which the air liners flew on the journey from Iraq to India. Then the agreement was terminated. Now, flying boats are steered from Basra towards Koweit on the Arabian side of the gulf, and continue until they descend at Bahrein, where air passengers are given lunch. The air liner has emphasized the geographical importance of this island which was early recognized by the hordes of Genghis Khan and the conquering Tamerlaine.

So much for the political situation. The economic importance of Bahrein is equally obvious. What the Rand is to the gold industry of the world so is Bahrein to the pearl industry. It produces not only the biggest quantity but also the purest quality pearls. And this again is due to a geographical freak. At the bottom of the Persian Gulf several fresh-water springs are to be found. There are at least twenty-five of these springs known to the sea geographers, some of which are twenty miles out and at a depth of from 10 to 20 ft. Others are nearer the coast, which explains the phenomenon I have witnessed of divers descending with water skins to fill them at these submarine fountains.

It is from these fresh-water springs that the pearl dealers claim the Bahrein pearls to have their exceptional warmth and lustre. And certainly the pearl oyster seems to flourish in these draughts of sweet water. Pearls become a passionate subject of discussion to anyone who spends more than a day in Bahrein. For even half an hour in the streets of Manama suggests that you are walking through a city of pearls. Everywhere there are the merchants with the little red calico bags. Black pearls or white pearls, yellow or grey—they are instantly displayed in a brown palm for your delectation and possible purchase. One sits down in a coffee-house and lights a cigarette. Instantly the inevitable little red bag appears. Liquid brown eyes, a smiling mouth, and a shrewd expression are before you. Here is a pearl worth a king's ransom. Or maybe you want a few small ones to decorate the neck of a memsahib? Parsee and Bengali pertinacity are equal to all occasions.

But amidst that stench of rotting shells, and with the constant procession of the maimed and phthisis-wracked divers before me, I have never been able to purchase a pearl. Instead, I have watched the shrewd dealers from Paris and Bombay haggle in those same coffee-houses, and have speculated upon the civilized, swan-like necks that these treasures will adorn.

A philosopher can find much to speculate upon in Bahrein. First he is acutely conscious of the twisted, distorted noses of men who walk the streets. This is due to the clips which a diver wears before making the plunge with a boulder tied to his waist from the fishing boat in the gulf. Then nearly all the divers have their ear-drums slit. It permits them to go to otherwise impossible depths. There is the usual bravado among pearl divers—of record dives and time spent beneath the surface. I have heard many claim that they can stay beneath the water for five minutes. But when I was with a pearling dhow in the Red Sea I saw no diver remain as long as three minutes. Even then they would come shooting to the surface with an agonized expression on their faces.

Pearl divers must be philosophers even among themselves; else they would not endure this existence with its danger of sharks, dawls, or probable blindness after some years. And even so they often begin their careers as divers heavily in debt. The father began by engaging himself to a dealer who financed the original expedition. The expedition was not a complete success. The debt accumulates with each succeeding expedition; and without hesitation the sons assume the heavy burden left them by their father.

Between May and September the real islanders of Bahrein go to sea in their *jalbouts*, *sambouks* and *baggalahs* intent upon the pearl of great price. They have not to proceed far. The rich pearling beds lie just beyond the three-mile limit of Bahrein. A thousand boats are at work and a British cruiser or sloop is always lying in the vicinity—the floating policeman.

One of the finest pearls ever discovered off Bahrein was found by a native diver. It weighed 50 grains and was valued at £30,000. There is irony in the fact that one of the lucky group in the boat went mad, never having imagined so much money as was coming to him for his share. But this was an exceptional find. The dealers who wait for the return of the boats to Bahrein are ruthless in their selection from the cargoes brought in. The favoured pearls are the black, especially the rare greenish black. Then the pink or rosy. Finally the cream. The dead whites and all the miscellaneous shades are contemptuously thrust aside.

From the fascination of pearls one can turn to the excitements of archæology in Bahrein. For archæology can be exciting and disputatious. A short motor ride outside Manama brings one to what is probably the biggest ancient graveyard in the world. Thousands of tumuli are heaped about on a plain. These mounds of earth give the impression of a city in ruins.

But they are also among the most mysterious tombs in the world. There are no inscriptions, and no hieroglyphics either inside or outside. They present an archæological puzzle of the first class. One or two experts have opened a few of these 6,000 tombs. They have discovered the remains of the ancient inhabitants who were buried standing or sitting.

From these preliminary investigations was evolved the theory that this island was the original home of the Phœnicians. It is argued that the Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon were half Arab in origin and migrated to the Mediterranean ports from this sun-baked archipelago of the Persian Gulf. Certainly the present-day sea knowledge of the people of the Bahrein Island proves them to be of the race of Sinbad—sailors of the earliest times. They live for their boats, and the moods of the Persian Gulf are understood and respected by them. And that this island race once became the greatest navigators of the ancient world is not without the bounds of possibility.

But the modern archæologist is veering away from this theory. I have heard him disputing these facts beneath a punkah in a bungalow on the beach. But while the ancient origins of the Bahrein islanders are thus being discussed, the diplomats of Teheran, Angora, and Mecca are concerning themselves with the future of this race, of its blinded and nose-twisted divers, and its sacks of pearls worth £2,000,000 yearly. It may well be another explosion in the world of internationalism.

W. J. M.

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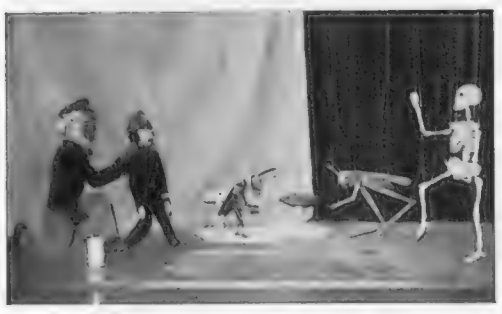
METROPOLITAN MATTERS

A London Survey

A LOFTY PERCH: Hammersmith Bridge is now in the hands of the decorators who are brightening up the structure with several coats of paint

PUPPETS which are being shown this week at an exhibition at Victory House, Leicester Square. The display is being sponsored by the British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild



AT THE PUPPET-MAKING EXHIBITION: A group representing a drunken man having hallucinations on the way home

PREPARING PUPPETS FOR EXHIBITION: The second figure from the right is, of course, a representation of Strube's "little man"

RAIN IN THE ROW: After many weeks of drought Hyde Park, in common with the rest of London, has had a welcome share of rain. The almost tropical shower, however, was too much for Rotten Row, which presented a dismal spectacle devoid of riders and pitted with thousands of pools of water

IRON ROADS IN THE LEICESTER SQUARE DISTRICT: Workmen laying rails instead of wood blocks as a foundation for Cranbourn Street which it is hoped will survive, without repairs, a little longer than most London thoroughfares

THE ROAD WITHOUT A NAME: The new thoroughfare running from the centre of Covent Garden to Flora Street was opened a few days ago, but as yet has no name plates. Everyone in the market calls it Mart Street

MISS MILLICENT ALDOUS, the only woman competitor in her class, taking part in the bacon-slicing competition at the Grocers' Exhibition

FRUITS OF HIS LABOUR: Tasting Empire canned fruit during the judging of unnamed samples at the Grocers' Exhibition

TEA BLENDERS AT THE GROCERS' EXHIBITION: Sampling and mixing the various varieties at the Agricultural Hall

BEHIND

A GALLERY OF FALLEN IDOLS: *Left*—Clarence Hatry, who aimed at vast industrial amalgamations and in his downfall brought to ruin thousands of small provincial investors. *Centre*—Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match King, who perished by his own hand when faced with ruin and charges of large-scale fraud. *Right*—Samuel Insull, who built up a huge fortune from Chicago Public Utilities, and lost it because the crazy structure upon which he founded his financial system was only suitable for operation in the boom years

A mighty economic tide has gone out, carrying with it the wreckage of innumerable fortunes, and decimating the millionaires. Hatry, who had his brief moment of millionairedom, is in jail. Kreuger, who came close to billionairedom, is dead. Sam Insull, who gutted the Middle West, is a fugitive from American wrath. The mighty House of Morgan has seen sixty-eight of its millions swept away; it has lost half of its assets. And if the U.S. Senate enquiry, which opened to the world the secrets of the Morgan ledgers, had extended its investigations to the private accounts of the Fords, the Rockefellers, the Mellons, and a similar probe had been made into the great fortunes of Britain, of Europe, and of the East, it would probably be known to-day that few, very few, of the old-established millionaires had escaped intact from the greatest economic ebb tide in history.

But now the tide is on the turn. One hears the quiet lapping of its slowly rising waters on the shores of almost every country. Men will set their barques afloat on this new tide and ride it to millionairedom. And it seems probable that the fortunes of these Crœsuses of to-morrow will be bigger than those of the old ones.

For if we manage to make the crossing to the new world, which already exists all about us, the impalpable creation of science and man's energy, we shall find ourselves eventually in a place which will compare with the world of to-day, as our contemporary world compares with the smaller world wherein the Rockefellers, Morgans, Fords, Ellermans, Yules, Coatses, and Sassoons built their immense fortunes—a world which knew not synthetic chemistry, air machines, talkie factories and theatres, radio, a thousand-million-pound beauty-and-fashion business.

True, in this new world the operations of the exploiters and the capitalists will be more strictly regulated. But every age has seen a progressive tightening up of the conditions under which men are allowed to make and accumulate wealth. The great capitalists of Rome would have been appalled by the obstacles placed in the way of the free accumulation of wealth in the Elizabethan age. Yet the Elizabethan age produced its millionaires, who, in their turn, would have shouted with rage at the restrictions of the nineteenth century. Cecil Rhodes found the tightened-up conditions of his age obstructive to the swift accumulation of millions; and the same remark applies to the elder Morgan. Yet, by modern standards, Rhodes and Morgan rode rough-shod to wealth. Another adventure in that manner had become impossible soon after the opening of the present century.

This century, however, despite its socialistic tendencies, labour unions, humanitarian movement, and the rest, has produced the biggest flock of millionaires in history. Wealth-making to-day is hedged about by laws and regulations; none of which prevented an astute operator like the late Sir John Ellerman from piling up Britain's biggest fortune to date. The infinitely ingenious human mind will always discover the road to wealth as long as wealth-making opportunities exist.

But there are millionaires—and millionaires. A glance at Somerset House figures appears to indicate the existence of between 500 and 600 millionaires in Britain. But the definition of a millionaire means a person assessed for tax on income of £50,000 or more—£50,000 is the 5 per centum return from a capital of £1,000,000. If that capital is sunk in British Government securities, the income will be considerably lower; which might be taken to mean that one can begin counting millionaires at the £35,000-a-year point. Deduct income-tax and super-tax from that £35,000, and the income to the man who possesses £1,000,000 in British Government stocks does not make him look so opulent, anyway.

But it is a question whether one can legitimately class among the millionaires any person with an income of £35,000 or even £50,000, and upwards. A man taxed on an income of £100,000 may not be a millionaire, though he looks like one. In the big boom years of 1928 and 1929 I knew a number of men who made in one year over £100,000 apiece. One big cotton man of my acquaintance made £200,000, which is the 5 per centum income on £4,000,000. Hatry, I believe, made nearly £500,000 in his biggest year, and that is 5 per centum on £10,000,000 (and £10,000,000 is the fourth biggest British fortune on record).

The test of a millionaire seems to me to be the possession of at least a million pounds in cash or gilt-edged securities, or in some form of property easily realizable and not subject to sudden heavy depreciation. In any big boom, paper millionaires are two a penny. The important fact about them is that they cannot realize their paper assets. If they tried to get out from under, they would bring down the whole jerry-built edifice whose façade alone makes them look like millionaires.

A mere big income does not make a man a real millionaire. Jimmy White made huge sums and spent them. But if at any time in his career he had been forced to meet all his obligations and square up, it is exceedingly doubtful whether he would have got out with even half-a-million. When he died by his own hand, it was revealed, to the astonishment even of his close friends, that he owed over a million in income-tax; claims which he had adroitly put off year after year, hoping for the big killing which would get him out of his perpetual difficulties, but which never came off.

Queer, how the public over-estimate the fortunes of famous figures of big business and finance! Even men who should know are misled. The late Lord Melchett and "Solly" Joel afford classic cases in point. I recall two bankers discussing the former at a dinner party. They got Ellerman (as it eventually turned out) about right, with a guess of thirty millions. They thought Lord Beaverbrook had about five, and Lord Rothermere maybe fifteen. They thought that the Rothschilds were nothing like so rich as they once had been (the extent of an individual Rothschild fortune is never publicly known). They were surprised that Sir Ernest Cassel, who had loomed so big in his time, had not accumulated much more than £2,000,000; and they wondered whether Lady Louis Mountbatten, who inherited the Cassel fortune and town and country mansions (and put the latter in the market, and is having the former pulled down and converted into a block of flats, with her own home on top) could qualify to-day as a millionairess. And then they contemplated Lord Melchett (who then had only four more months of life, although neither he nor anybody else was then aware of this interesting fact.

"I should say he's worth all of £6,000,000," said one banker casually. "He's done very well out of this, that, and the other." So they succumbed to the popular illusion. But when Melchett died, and his will was made public, it was found that this great magnate, with all his tremendous interests, including the chairmanship of the £80,000,000 heavy chemical combine, and the giant anthracite combine, was worth only £500,000. The truth was, his income was very large but he was a big spender, keeping up huge town and country homes and considerable state; and he died at a very bad time for the realization of his speculative industrial holdings.

Solly Joel, bearded, short-sighted, restless, badgered, king of gold and diamonds, may possibly have been worth £3,000,000 or £4,000,000 in the good days. But gold shares were not booming when he said good-bye to life, and diamonds were a drug on the market. Further, he had made some long-term investments, which his sudden death turned into short-term ones. He left only £1,000,000. It was probably the knowledge that he had an effective income from investments of only about £30,000 gross, if he gave up his directorships and business interests, and retired, that kept him with his nose to the business grindstone when, with his weak heart and impaired nervous system, he ought to have got out of it all.

To-day, the millionaires in this island probably number no more than 100. These include at least a score of inherited-interests men. Look them over: stout Derby, jovial sportsman, pillar of the Turf, with his great town and country mansions, and his Paris flat; and the long Duke of Westminster, who had two lovely duchesses pensioned off before he took his third beautiful young wife—a man devoted to pleasure and with a stupendous income to gratify his exuberant and catholic tastes; the gay Duke of Sutherland, with his half-dozen ancestral residences and tall, handsome duchess; and the scholarly Lord Howard de Walden, who spends so much on the gratification of his passion for music; and the spare and excessively dutiful Lord Astor, who wins any number of races but never has a bet, who serves the rarest wines to his guests but drinks barley water himself, and who owes his place in English politics and society to the acumen of that Dutch peasant who tore a fortune out of furs, ferry-boats, and railways in America, and had the foresight to invest his gains in the track of New York city development.

One steps down to the gallery where hang the portraits of the Courtaulds, Sassoons, Coatses, Iveaghs, Bearsteds, Leverhulmes, all industrial or commercial millionaires, and all, with the exception of the first, second or third generation men. Then we come to the ponderous, shrewd Lord Rothermere, probably the second richest man in Britain, a millionaire who owes his fortune to his wilder, more reckless and creative elder brother, who was

ONE OF ENGLAND'S RICHEST MILLIONAIRES: Harold Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere—the financial genius who made possible the success of *The Daily Mail*

richer than his brother even in the latter's tempestuous lifetime; to the Revelstokes, the Rothschilds' bearded Lord and black-monocled Jimmy, the Barings, d'Erlangers, Schroders, and Lazards; to Lord Camrose, a modern Medici, tall, handsome, courtly, urbane, as astute as any Rothschild of the old clan; and to the Scots-Canadian Beaverbrook, cold yet passionate, ruthless yet quixotic, half pasha and half ascetic fanatic, and as quick, cunning, erratic, and tricky as a whole cageful of monkeys.

Another step, and we reach Sir William Morris, fifty-six, Worcester-born, son of a Canadian mail-coach driver, a British Ford who started out as a bicycle-maker with a five-pound note as capital. This millionaire does not (like another industrial magnate I know who has the façade of a millionaire but isn't one) rent an old ducal estate and give shooting parties to ex-kings and needy aristocrats. He plays golf, owns his own golf-course and lives with his wife in a wing of the club-house, and works. In that same gallery one may well group the Inchcapes, Ellermans, Ranks, Abe Baileys, maybe an Austin, and a line of others whose names are well or little known to the general public to-day, and who may not be able to hold their claim to millionairedom — it depends upon (a) their ability to hold their own in a changing world, and (b) the fortunes of their respective lines of business, which are liable to boom to-day and bust to-morrow.

Survey this portrait gallery of patricians and plutocrats and you perceive that millionairedom is reached along one of three or four deeply-cut, narrow, and well-beaten paths. One of these paths is the inheritance of land acquired in the track of big cities by land speculators long ago. Another is the ground floor of a new industry, in which you stay, growing with it, and achieving a predominating, if not a monopoly, position. A third is shrewd investment in expanding industries, and a consistent habit of buying in slumps and selling in booms.

The late Sir John Ellerman, whose father was a German, and who to the end of his life spoke with the same guttural accent which the late Sir Ernest Cassel never conquered, followed the latter

THE MASKS OF THE MILLIONAIRES

Intimate Studies of the Great Financial Geniuses of the Century who, in Spite of the Socialistic Tendencies of the Period, have made Vast Fortunes and, in a Few Cases, Actually Retained them in Face of the Greatest Economic Ebb Tide in History

BY C. PATRICK THOMPSON

path to fortune. He made his first half-million in a deal in American breweries, and his first million in a deal in ships. An accountant, he knew how to buy right from eager sellers, and how to hold on until he could play reluctant seller to eager buyers. But, observe, he was a man with an absorbing passion, not only for money-making, but for figures.

Rockefeller, junior, plays the violin, and Rockefeller, senior, plays golf. Fritz Kreisler has pronounced Charles Schwab one of the best amateur musicians he knows. Clarence Mackay, the cable king, is master of several instruments, and hires orchestras just for the pleasure of conducting them. Otto Kahn, the banker, charms himself with violin and 'cello. William Woodin, millionaire head of the world's biggest railway equipment business, composes gipsy waltzes and Tartar dances. Morgan has his diversions. He hunts, gardens, yachts, golfs, is an authority on the Church, the Bible, and Shakespeare, and corresponds with the Pope on Coptic and other early Christian manuscripts. Doherty, the oil king, is a devotee of experimental science, has patented 150 inventions, lives in the most gadget-ridden roof apartment in New York, and sleeps in a bed which runs out to the sun-porch on rails at the touch of a button. The hobby of Ford, who possesses probably £50,000,000 in cash and bonds, and whose business has been valued at £400,000,000, is the resurrection of American history. His museum at Dearborn covers 125 acres, and has cost him already over £5,000,000. Lord Rothschild, like all the Rothschilds, is passionately devoted to art. Sir Basil Zaharoff is an amateur cook of no mean attainments (the late Colonel Repington paid grateful tribute to the banana fritters the armament millionaire cooked for him in the kitchen of his Paris mansion).

But Ellerman—Ellerman had no hobbies and no distractions outside of money-making. He lived in one small London house, and tended his financial garden. Figures were music to him—and this is not irony! The pleasure that men get from chess, bridge, golf, cross-word puzzles, detective fiction, he got from balance sheets and mathematical combinations and computations. He bought, and sold again, blocks of property, publishing businesses, stocks and shares of all sorts. He knew values. Every day he awoke to a new world which held for him promise of shocks, thrills, excitement, profound satisfactions, battles. Some investment in his long list was consistently threatened, and he went to its rescue with the romantic zest of a knight errant sallying forth to the aid of an attacked maiden. The making of his will must have given him something of the ecstasy Beethoven knew when he composed his "Moonlight Sonata." Observe the Dutch-painting detail in the disposition of £30,000,000! Ordinary folk with a few thousands to leave may think, as they contemplate their imminent departure into the night of eternity, that round figures will suffice for the distribution of their earthly wealth. Not so this millionaire. In the very presence of death his ruling passion dominates him. No "round figure" looseness here. Legacies are worked out not only in odd pounds, but in odd shillings. Imagine a man who, with £30,000,000 to scatter, stops to calculate whether a legatee shall have 5s. more or less. But that was the Ellerman mind, and the functioning of that particular type of mind brought £30,000,000 into its owner's coffers.

It is interesting to note that, preparing for his end, he put most of his millions into trust companies spread widely over the whole range of business, from industry and banking to mines, insurance and commerce. The potential worth of the investments thus secured is anybody's guess. A well-known actuary was telling me that while the estate may be proved at £30,000,000, the potential worth may run as high as £100,000,000 to £200,000,000.

This sounds fantastic, but John D. Rockefeller is a concrete illustrating case. Rockefeller made £40,000,000 in the oil business in thirty years. That is to say, when he retired, at the age of sixty, he could have sold his investments for that figure in the market. If he had died then, his estate would have been taxed at that figure.

But the world grows. Mankind multiplies. Business expands. After his retirement Rockefeller never entered his office again, and took no further part in business. He just nursed his investments and watched them grow, and the natural processes of wealth-growth have increased his fortune from the original £40,000,000, until to-day he is admittedly the world's richest man, with a capital whose value fluctuates, according to the state of the market, from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000. If the old man, now in his tenth decade, could prolong his life for another half-century, he would, in all probability, see his fortune increase to £1,000,000,000 or more. This is because the capital is invested in businesses which continually grow, which, indeed, are bound to grow as long as the economic civilization which we know survives—and the United States is not attacked, conquered, sacked, and ruined.

Private ownership of ships in the War made vast sums for Ellerman and Houston. The latter left seven millions. Men say that no more big fortunes will ever be made in shipping. But they used to say that about the Indian trade—until Sir David Yule died. The Yule story is one of the queerest stories of the British millionaires, and one which has not yet been told in every secret detail. The name of this industrious and secretive Scotsman was utterly unknown in England at the time of his death. Yet in the course of a long life fanatically devoted to business in India he had amassed the greatest of all British fortunes, until Ellerman surpassed him—some £20,000,000. And few people outside his confidential business circle knew he was so rich. He had done most of it in banking and jute. The War made the bulk of his millions for him. The consumption of jute, for sandbags mainly, went soaring, and the lion's share of the profits went to Yule, the jute king. If he had died in 1913 his fortune would have been on a much more modest scale.

There are doubtless other Yules of whom the world has not become aware. I used to see a bearded veteran, riding a modest hack, out hunting with the Whaddon 'Chase. He was "old Mills" to the county. His father, a banker, had left him £250,000, "so he ought to be comfortably off." Thus local gossip ran. But when the old man died, on the edge of eighty, everyone gasped to learn that he had made one of the greatest of all British fortunes—nearly £5,000,000. How had he done it? Not by spectacular coups, but simply by living a very long time very quietly, and by investing his money with unusual acumen and intelligence.

Who are the millionaires of to-morrow? They are the young, shrewd, far-seeing, energetic men, who are "going a bull" on certain commodities which they foresee the world will eventually consume in enormous quantities, and are getting in on the ground floor of industries which are at present in their infancy. If the world enters in the years to come upon the era of expansion which they—and I—believe to be on the way, they will make fortunes compared to which those of the industrialists and capitalists of yesterday and to-day will look meagre. These millionaires of to-morrow will not pile up

(Continued on p. 536)

FINANCIER AND SPORTSMAN: Solly Joel, who started life selling cigars to the Kimberley diamond diggers and ended it as one of the richest African millionaires

JIMMY WHITE, who started with nothing, and ended with nothing, but who, in his most prosperous years, was the possessor of at least a million in securities

A TRIO OF AMERICAN PLUTOCRATS: *Left*—J. P. Morgan, head of the famous New York banking firm, who with Otto Kahn (*Centre*) recently faced a Senatorial Inquiry in Washington. *Right*—Henry Ford, reputed to be the second richest man in the world

ARTISTS of the ALPENHORN

Parade the Streets at a Swiss Musical Festival

THE MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS ARRIVE TO VOICE THEIR SKILL: A march past of players on the Alpenhorn who are about to take part in a Swiss musical contest. These long, curved horns are used by the peasants and cow-herds to communicate with each other from a distance. Many of them are well over 8 ft. long, but their size, shape, and curvature nearly always differ in each locality

READY FOR ACTION: Alphornmen, in picturesque national costume, wait their turn to impress the judges with the quality of their lung power

"HE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER HE GOES": This inventive Swiss mountaineer has equipped himself with a radio of his own making. He is certainly near enough the loudspeaker

I SPY! A budding Alpenhorn expert, finding her youthful lungs incapable of extracting any sound from the great instrument, is equally baffled when attempting to use it as a telescope

A VILLAGE ALPENHORN TEAM PRACTISES FOR AN APPROACHING CONTEST: An examination of these wooden horns reveals many differences in construction, although in sound they are essentially similar. Some of them have a perfectly smooth surface, while others are closely bound with wooden rings

THE PARACHUTE JUMPER

A Member of Sir Alan Cobham's Air Circus Shows His Skill

SKILLED HANDS THAT PRESERVE LIFE: Mrs. Isobel Watling, who is engaged in the intricate work of packing parachutes at the British Russell Factory, Stamford Hill, adjusting the lines before folding. Even the slightest mistake in this work might mean disaster for the parachutist

FOLDING: Mrs. Watling gathering together the 70 yards of fine silk that form the main structure of the parachute

AUSTRIA'S FIRST WOMAN PARACHUTIST: Poldi Ruziczka, a Viennese actress, who recently gave an exhibition at the Aspern Aerodrome, and during her descent became entangled in the telegraph wires. . . Fortunately she was unhurt

SAILING THROUGH THE CLOUDS: Mr. Ivor Price, a 27-year-old Londoner who claims to have made more descents than any other Britisher, coming to earth after a recent jump near Caterham. He is a member of Sir Alan Cobham's Air Circus, and has to his credit a delayed drop of 4,000 ft. without releasing his parachute. His highest jump so far is from 6,000 ft.

HIS THIRD JUMP: Mr. J. Gwynne Johns, of Aberystwyth, who is practising at the Phillips and Powis School of Parachuting at Reading Aerodrome, leaving the plane at the start of a 150 m.p.h. dive through the air. He jumped from 6,000 ft. and for the first 3,500 ft. did not open his parachute. He is seen in a horizontal position and holding a stop-watch in his right hand. After more practice he hopes to attack Mr. John Tranum's record

THE GRAPE HARVEST IN CHAMPAGNE

A Day Among the Bottling Cellars and Vineyards of Reims where the Most Sought After Wine in the World Forms the Basis of One of France's Greatest Industries

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY: A vineyard worker adds his quota to a wagon-load of freshly picked grapes

Everywhere, this morning, through the smiling, rolling country of Champagne, the peasants have been out and about since daybreak. For the grape-picking began yesterday and during the next few days they will work as hard as only French peasants know how. If it rains they will not go home. They will take off all their clothes, yes, *all* their clothes, and hang them up to dry in the outhouses provided by the great champagne firms a few yards away from their presses. Fathers, mothers, children, fiancées, they will eat and sleep and wait while their clothes dry and they can go out again to pick the precious grapes and bring them back in their 60-kilo baskets to the counting-house clerk. In front of him they will upset the contents so that every bunch will be seen and no imperfect grape can escape his eagle eye.

I have just spent one of the most interesting afternoons of my life at Reims. You observe that I do not spell it "Rheims." That is English and incorrect. Under the guidance of Prince Jean de Caraman Chimay, I have walked miles underground. I have seen literally millions of bottles of champagne. The whole process has been unfolded to me—beginning the wrong way round with fifty men and women labelling and packing the last consignment of bootleg champagne for the United States. Its destination is the "high seas." It is no affair of the firm to discover what happens to it when the money has been paid. And after all, it may not be the last of the illicit shipments. The United States are understood to be going wet, but if the government claps on some duty such as 20 dollars a case which has been prophesied—well, well! The bootleg importers will find themselves as busy as ever.

It was an intriguing spectacle—the wrapping on of the gold foil, the packing into the cases and the nailing up prior to their romantic departure. It went like clockwork, and for the benefit of the many American readers of THE SPHERE who may ultimately taste this consignment, let me say that it is as good a wine as the grapes of Verzenay can produce, the best part of the Champagne country being bounded on the north by the Reims mountain and on the south by the Bris country, with the Marne as the central valley.

After our glimpse of the bootleg champagne, my guide led the way down multitudinous steps to the "caves," and caves they are. A cellar bears as much resemblance to them as an ivory back-stud to a full-grown elephant tusk. "Why didn't the Germans appropriate your stocks, considering they were in Reims for a week?" I asked, perhaps a little tactlessly. "They were very correct and so they touched nothing," was the abrupt reply. By this time we were walking down a vast corridor with stacks of bottles of champagne maturing upside down. In one section alone there were 500,000 bottles. Altogether this firm has 9,000,000 bottles maturing. In addition to that there are the reserves. The neck of each bottle rests in the "punt" or hollowed base of the one beneath it. "You see," said my guide, "the hollow has a purpose. Indeed it is necessary. It is not put there to cheat the customer out of a few drops." He then told me that it was the Widow Clicquot who was really responsible for the present-day popularity of champagne. Until 1815 it was not much more than a local *vin du pays*, approved, of course, by gourmets, but with no wide appeal. Good comes from evil, however, and the Russian, English, and other foreign officers who were quartered in the neighbourhood after Waterloo did not forget the delightful local wine they had drunk even when they returned home. It was the mail-order business which developed out of this recollection that gave champagne an international reputation. But another fifty years had to elapse before King Edward, as Prince of Wales, made it the fashionable wine of London.

The caves in which we were walking are any age. Some say they were carved out of the live chalk by the Romans in the third century, though what they could want the chalk for I have no idea. The temperature was between 50 deg. and 55 deg. Even the bottles which had been there only a couple of years were covered in cobwebs. It was very dark and a man went in front of us with a candle attached to a wooden handle. From round a corner came a curious, clicking, clattering sound. Half-a-dozen men were handling the bottles, the bases of which were marked with a white spot. "They are working the sediment on to the cork," said Prince Jean. "This is the second fermentation, and it takes three months of skilful handling to see that the sediment concentrates on the cork and not on the sides or the base of the bottle. Each man does thousands of bottles a day, and he knows to a fraction of an inch how to disturb them scientifically." We walked on another half-mile where a loud popping sound could be heard. Here were the disgorgers. The disgorger is the man who ejects the sediment from the bottle when it has finally settled on the cork. He holds the bottle neck downwards, loosens the cork, and at the exact moment when the latter is driven out by the pressure the bottle is turned up and the cork flies out like a bullet, carrying with it the undesirable deposit. Besides the disgorgers are the men who pop in the new corks, and with them the same amount of wine as has escaped with the cork. "You English are very funny and old-fashioned," commented the Prince. "Years ago we discovered that the best corks are the plump ones. But you still insist on the out-of-date narrow ones, so you have to have them. Also you insist on the corks looking old, and so we keep them in the bottles for much longer than is needed, because if you had nice new corks you would think the wine was new, too." Noticing that the men were all working by candlelight in the centre of the deep gloom, I asked why they were not given electric light. The answer was that only candlelight enables the workman to see the extent of the sediment. Electric light is too strong.

THE NOON RECESS: The pickers enjoy their midday meal during the gathering of the grape harvest in Champagne

Then we walked another two or three miles with the bottles stacked so tight on either side that a motor car could be driven over them without damage, until at last we came up to the ground level again. "You see those outhouses?" said Prince Jean. "They are full of empty bottles, and I will tell you something you will perhaps not believe. We have discovered that neither rain nor frost nor snow nor great heat will affect a bottle. Then why do we have outhouses? In order to protect them against moonlight. It is a scientific curiosity that the light of the moon makes them erratic—that is to say that an abnormally high proportion of the bottles burst or break afterwards if they are exposed to the moon. They become, how you would say, moonstruck, even lunatic. I will tell you something else. These bottles come here in great quantities and we have two men who test all of them. They put their fingers in the neck to see that they have the proper aperture and at the same time they snick them to make sure they give the right ringing tone. They will do as many as 45,000 a day, casting out the bad ones automatically."

A "WET" WINTER IN AMERICA? With voting in many of the State legislatures favouring a complete repeal of prohibition, Californian wineries are preparing for a year of unprecedented activity. This picture was taken in the cooling cellars of the Guasti vineyard where nearly 50,000 bottles of champagne are ready to be marketed

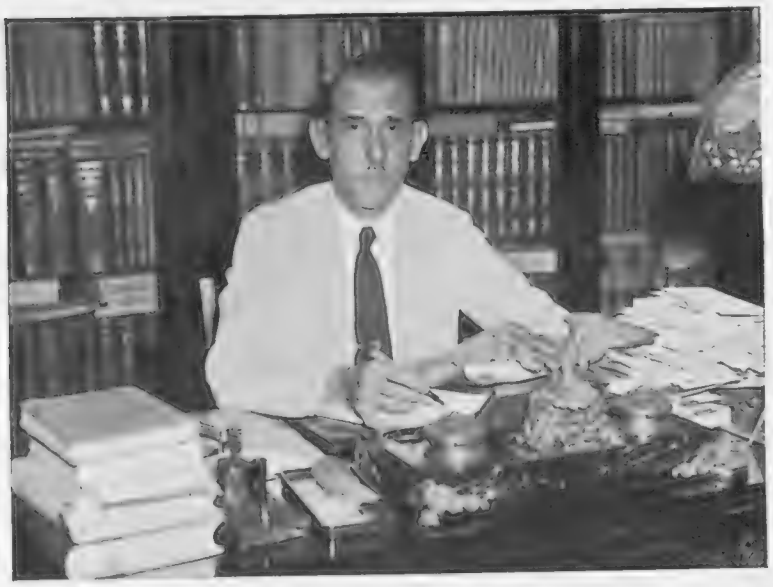
From there we drove to the vineyards. As we went along Prince Jean told me that the proportion of magnums to bottles is one to twenty. This year the vintage will be small but probably the best since 1911. The grapes are quite tiny, not much bigger than wild strawberries. I saw and picked some myself. But the hot summer has achieved a wonderful vintage which would produce a very heavy wine if it were not blended with the more acid wine of let us say 1931. How many people know, I wonder, that a high proportion of champagne is made from black grapes? Being a white wine you might suppose that they would all be white too. Apparently, though, the colouring matter of a black grape is all in the skin or next to the skin. This means that when the grapes are pressed they must be pressed delicately the first time so that the dark colour is not impressed into the juice.

(*Continued on p.* 536)

IN THE LIMELIGHT

Mr. Cochran in Paris — Texas Guinan Turns Evangelist — Eton Re-assembles — Another Cuban President

MLLE YVONNE PRINTEMPS, the popular French stage star, seen on the balcony of her Paris hotel with Mr. C. B. Cochran, who visited her specially to secure her signature to a contract for a personal appearance in London next year. It is understood that she is to star in the new musical play, *Conversation Piece*, the words and music of which are being written by Mr. Coward



PRESIDENT GRAU SAN MARTIN, successor in Cuba of de Cespedes and Machado, seen at his desk in the Presidential Palace, Havana. Even as he assumed the reins of Government he was faced with the prospect of putting down a renewed military revolt. The same army leaders who forced the tyrannical Machado from control are once again demanding the return of the deposed de Cespedes

ETON RE-ASSEMBLES: Mr. L. S. Fortescue, the new house-master of Timbralls, takes the place of Mr. E. V. Slater who recently met his death, with three colleagues, during an Alpine climbing expedition

A MATTER OF HABIT: Mr. Stephen Gaselee, co-author of a new book on the Foreign Office, has the reputation of being the most eccentrically dressed worker in the Government service. He is the Foreign Office Librarian

"HALLELUJAH! COME ON, SUCKERS!" The title-line accompanying this picture when reproduced in an American journal. It shows Texas Guinan, notorious night club hostess, in her new rôle of crusading evangelist for the equally notorious Aimée Semple McPherson-Hutton, leader of the Four Square Gospellers. Texas has joined the famous Angelus Temple and intends to further the good cause by starring in a film depicting Sister Aimée's sensational career

RICHARD TAUBER ARRIVES AT CROYDON: The famous tenor journeyed to London by air in order to be in time for his first night appearance at the Aldwych Theatre, where the German version of *Lilac Time* was presented last week by a Viennese company

BRITTANY :

THE LA

Scenes from "T the Ch

PREPARING FOR THE PROCESSION: Breton peasants at Ste. Anne-de-la-Palude putting the finishing touches to their coiffure before taking part in the most important religious ceremony of the year

PEASANT TYPES: The hard-working Breton folk whose unremitting toil is reflected in the stern cast of their features. The Pardon provides one of their few holidays of the year

DRESSED IN THEIR BEST: Pilgrims wade through the shallow water after crossing the Bay of Douarnenez in order to be present at the celebrations. The Pardon is one of the very few occasions on which they wear their best clothes

THE FISHERFOLK OF THE BRETON COAST carrying in procession the candles which indicate the fulfilment of a vow. Note the picturesque lace headdresses of the women, many of which have been handed down in the family for generations

ON THE EVE OF THE PAR
the chapel of Ste. Anne.
through the water or

Of the five classes of "Pardon other in Brittany between M more especially between Easter chief is the "Pardon of the Sea," one at Ste. Anne-de-la-Palude place, is among the most fam Brittany Bishops, Priests and peo eve of the great day, some tram reach the Shrine, sleeping ou fessions on the eve, spending the the Service begins at 4 a.m. Ev its special dress and cap, some twist in the fine lace or a low of ated the actual village of the costumes of velvet and rich silk which are brought out only on t weddings; the bridal dress, ofte siderable sum, lasts a lifetime.

St. Anne, traditionally the M Virgin and chief Patron Saint of this inaccessible shrine overl Douarnenez, centre of the great livelihood of practically the wh pends. In the procession which of the Saint with her Child is women specially chosen for this

VESPERS IN THE CHAPEL OF STE. ANNE: It is only when this service is over t religious observance of the day. There is nearly always feasting, dancing, amusement fair provide endless

LAND OF PARDONS

om "The Pardon of the Sea" Celebrations at the Chapel of Ste. Anne-de-la-Palude

THE PARDON: A torchlight procession lights up the darkness as it passes round Ste. Anne. *Left*—A MENACE TO HOLIDAY FINERY: A peasant girl about to wade the water on leaving the boat which has brought her across the bay of Douarnenez

of "Pardon" which succeed each y between March and October, and ween Easter and Michaelmas, the of the Sea," and of this class the -la-Palude, which has just taken most famous. From all over ests and people congregate on the , some tramping miles on foot to eeping out of doors or, after con- spending the night in prayer until 4 a.m. Each district is known by d cap, some tiny distinction of a or a bow of ribbon tells the initi- llage of the wearer. Wonderful nd rich silk embroidery are seen, t only on these occasions or for l dress, often worth a very con- a lifetime.

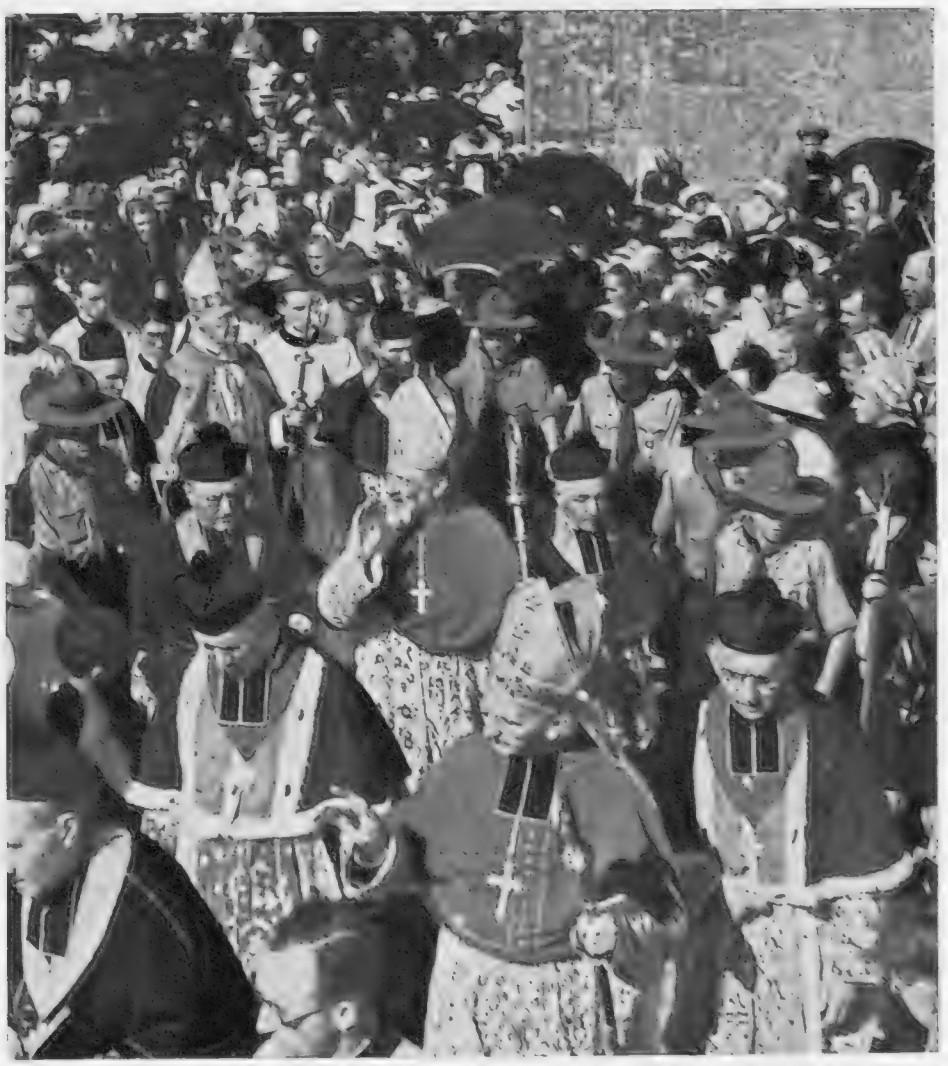
nally the Mother of the Blessed on Saint of Brittany, is invoked at hrine overlooking the bay of f the great fisheries on which the ally the whole neighbourhood de- ssion which takes place the statue er Child is proudly borne by the sen for this honour and wearing the richest costumes of all. Brittany, the French Cornwall (Cornouailles), is the stronghold of tradition, religious and social. For 600 years this shrine and pilgrimage have existed; for 200 years the rites and customs observed have been practically unchanged. Year after year the people have trudged there, slept in the open with their baggage beside them, performed a toilet at the side of a stream and turned up on the following morning in wonderful velvets and spotlessly laundered and goffered muslin and lace. Only to-day you see the tides of old and new crossing and mingling; many in modern dress, a stalwart yet dainty peasant girl washes a toothbrush in the stream, or carries an up-to-date suitcase instead of the old roomy black wicker marketing basket with its double lid.

But still do weather-beaten fishermen carry their candle in the procession in fulfilment of a vow and sometimes bear as a votive offering a small piece of wood from a wreck from which they have escaped, and the calm, sweet, strong-faced women (the Breton woman is one of the strongest characters in the world) fulfil their vows with rosary and lighted taper and bring small, wondering children, to whom at first the merry-makings of the fair which follows the religious observances are the chief attraction and the most lasting memory.

K. W.

STURDY BRETON FISHERMEN, dressed in the unfamiliar clothes which they bring out only once or twice a year, carrying the banner and cross of their village during the great procession. A devout peasant woman is seen kneeling as the cross passes

ice is over that the devout peasants allow themselves any relaxation from the g, dancing, and singing, while horse and foot races, wrestling contests, and an vide endless sport for the young.



DIGNITARIES OF THE CHURCH IN BRITTANY head the procession as it makes its way toward the little chapel of Ste. Anne-de-la-Palude

AUTHOR AND SOUTH SEAS FISHERMAN: Zane Grey, recently returned from yet another adventure in the South Seas, seen in the grounds of his Catalina Island home with a native banjo—a souvenir of his travels

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

The Life of Andrew Carnegie—The Memory of an Extraordinary Man receives Justice in an Engrossing Biography: "Far Vistas"—Adventures to Satisfy the Taste of even the Most Determined Wanderer: "Mayfair to Maritzburg"—An Autobiography by a Master of the Short Sketch

Mr. Burton J. Hendrick made such an excellent job of *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* that I approached his **Life of Andrew Carnegie (Heinemann. 25s.)** with high expectations and was not disappointed. His subject could scarcely fail to be of interest. Carnegie was one of the world's richest men, and he was the epitome of the self-help philosophy rampant in the Victorian age. He believed in the good and the moral, and was never troubled by inconsistencies of private and business codes. He was not a wicked man, as is the assumption regarding anyone who has made vast sums in an incredibly short period.

His rise filled every requirement of the poor Scots boy's fairy tale. He was born in a humble cottage, of poor parents. At twelve he emigrated to the United States. At twenty-seven he was earning an income of ten thousand a year, and at thirty-seven he was a millionaire. He found the United States built of wood and left it, thirty years later, built of steel. He foresaw the steel age, the coming of Bessemer, and an era of vast industrial expansion assisted him. From bleak and barren Scotland he found himself in a land overflowing with natural riches, and he proceeded to raid the larder. He laid his hands on railways and coal mines. He went into the sleeping-car business before Pullman.

Having made his millions he came back to a seat in Scotland and began to attack Europe, this time as a philanthropist. An old Chartist and a hardened Radical, his hand was ever ready in the progressive camp. He contributed to John Burns' election expenses, was kind to a young David Lloyd George, and made a firm friend of Gladstone and Morley. Even the Kaiser came within his scope. They were friendly, but Carnegie was too shrewd to be quite taken in by the versatility and affability of the great War Lord. He bought newspapers, but was not successful with these; he then proclaimed a theory of triumphant democracy and played with republicanism.

But his main hobby became a determination not to die rich. When his secretary announced that he had given away already some £60,000,000 he exclaimed, "Wherever did it all come from?" His social theory was robust: he wanted to raise democracy and make it independent. He disliked charity. He wanted to cut away the roots of poverty, not to alleviate it. "I am not so much concerned about the submerged tenth as the swimming tenth," he remarked. He had a sturdy belief in education, so he endowed universities and libraries. His fortune was at the flood in 1900 when he started his campaign for the improvement of mankind. His philanthropy was not wholly of a public nature. "My private pension list is my chief joy, and I want no bad names on it," he said. His boyhood friends were not forgotten. An eighty-year-old man, he delighted in receiving the appeals of his old associates, and making their closing years comfortable. In his last will he remembered old friends, leaving among many legacies £2,000 a year to John Morley and Lloyd George, and £1,200 a year each to John Burns and Thomas Burt. At his death the world was astonished to learn that Carnegie had not been bluffing. He had given away 90 per cent. of his vast wealth. Mr. Hendrick has performed his task with distinction. The memory of an extraordinary man receives justice and a proper shrine in the pages of this engrossing book.

My old colleague **Sir Percival Phillips** passes his life in ceaseless travel. Few men can have seen more of the earth's strange places and events than he. It is a pity that his keen observations should be lost in the files of the daily Press, and I am glad that in **Far Vistas (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)** he has made a more permanent record. This is an easy and chatty book. It starts at Marseilles and ends in Honolulu. The Nile, the African desert, the Persian bazaar, the hills of India, this record wanders over the face of the earth, and a more intelligent, pleasant guide could not be found. Sir Percival is surprised by nothing, he misses nothing. The taming of elephants, the mongoose that was a professional fighter of cobras, the street executions of Chinese communists, nothing comes amiss, he even likes the cut-throat Pathan—"if he feels that way he will cut your throat as cheerfully as pass the time of day. Beyond everything he is a man. It is a relief to the traveller who has come up from the plains of India to leave behind the spineless fawning creatures of Bombay and Bengal, and encounter these fine upstanding hillmen with their damn-your-eyes stare of inspection and the bearing of a king among his subjects." The cruise craze is upon us. Here is a book of adventures in far places to satisfy the taste and curiosity of the most determined wanderer.

Mr. **Gustave Hallé**, the son of the famous conductor, has written an autobiography which he calls **Mayfair to Maritzburg (Murray. 12s.)**. He is now eighty-two years of age, blessed with a memory as remarkable as his life. I started this book expecting little but a string of anecdotes since it begins in that manner, and then discovered I could not put it down until I had reached, with regret, the last page of a narrative astonishing in its wisdom, variety of experience, good humour, and modesty. He sometimes speaks out, but he generally has a reason. He knows the South African scene thoroughly. He regards Cecil Rhodes as little better than an adventurer, but he has strong words for the Dutch element that would split the Republic in two. Deneyes Reitz's book, *Commando*, has been highly praised, but Mr. Hallé points out that it contains scandalous libels on the treatment of Boer women and children during the war. "The fault of the British people is that they credit an enemy with a fine feeling of gratitude and honour which he is frequently incapable of entertaining."

Mr. Hallé passes from scene to scene, a master of the short sketch. Finally we encounter him as the editor of the *Natal Advertiser*. Always in the background there is his story of celebrities encountered, chiefly musical, through his family connection. It would be a remarkable book for any man to write. Coming from the pen of a man of eighty-two, its vigour, freshness, and modernity are truly remarkable. There is rich comedy in the story of a wealthy Australian's knighthood at the hand of Queen Victoria. In panic he threw himself on both knees and joined his hands in prayer. When the equerry asked his name he sobbed that he had forgotten, so the Queen knighted him, saying, "Rise, Sir Nyum Nyum!" This book makes one long to quote. From the first page to the last it commands the attention and provides the most varied entertainment.

Master of the Armada is the life of Philip II of Spain by **Professor Jean H. Mariéjol (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.)**, who has made a special study of the period. Philip, the husband of that brief Queen, Mary Tudor of England, and for a space her Consort, lives chiefly in our own knowledge as the planner of the Armada. But his plans for the humiliation of England cover but a small part of his grandiose designs for extending and consolidating a great kingdom. His history is also the history of Christendom in the sixteenth century. He inherited a splendid throne but all his life he was vexed by combinations and the march of progress. His need of money dominated everything, and at his death he left the country exhausted. Yet, as the Professor proves, he was not essentially evil. He could not relinquish an ambition to lay down the law to the whole world. All the wealth of the Indies would not suffice for his ambition, and everything was expended in futile wars and magnificent and useless palaces such as the Escorial. Professor Mariéjol handles his vast material with ease, and never allows scholarship to obscure interest. If I have one complaint, it is that the survey is perhaps too broad, the canvas too crowded with plot and counter-plot, but one is grateful that accuracy has never been sacrificed to flashy writing, or a character dressed to suit the background. Here is a neglected corner of history which English students of the Elizabethan era should not miss. We are not likely to see a better life of Philip of Spain.

Small boys are apt to be tiresome, but in fiction they can be put on the shelf at will. I do not think anyone will want to put Tony, the hero of **Mrs. Angela Thirkell's** new novel, **High Rising (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.)** on the shelf until the last page of his history is devoured. Here is a high spirited family, with an adorable mother, a perfect servant, Stoker, and a young son, Tony, who commands attention from the first to the last. "Why other boys hadn't killed him, his doting mother couldn't conceive. There seemed to be some peculiar power in youngest sons which made them resistant to all outside disapproval. When he was checked in his flow of speech he merely took breath, waited for an opening, and began again." The tribe of authors is not spared, and no one walks into this book unscathed. With the pound and the dollar falling, I find *High Rising* a brilliant tonic of wit and wisdom.

Miss **Mollie Morris** makes her bow with a novel, **New Harrowing (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)**. She sets her scene in Nottinghamshire. Her story spans two epochs. A soldier is deserted by his lover on the news that he is blind for life. The woman who secretly loves him steps in and gradually makes her feeling known. At the farm a new generation is growing up, scarcely war-conscious. It is a novel that keeps close to the soil, for which the author has a great love, and the background of fields and farms and small villages is excellently conveyed. Janet dominates the book; she is alive, forceful, and rich in character. She makes the rest of the figures seem like puppets. But the book is an excellent start, and the writing firm and cautious.

In **The Hold-Up (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)**, **Mr. W. F. Morris** has devised a really original opening. Why should an ex-British officer become a brigand in the French Alps and stop a country omnibus, taking from it a woman who proves to be his own sister? The answer to that question takes us on a jewel hunt that begins in Russia and crosses the whole continent. I will not give away Mr. Morris's rich plot. The book is correctly named,

(Continued on p. 534)

BOOKS TO READ

SAILOR MEN ALL, by Admiral Campbell (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). A book of heroes by the author of *My Mystery Ships*.

S.O.S., by David Masters (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). A collection of high spots in marine history.

WORLD PANORAMA, 1918-1933, by George Seldes (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.). Potted history—well seasoned, preserved, and illustrated.

AN AIRMAN MARCHES, by H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P. (Hutchinson. 18s.). The autobiography of a journalist, airman, politician of uncommon experiences.

BALI, ENCHANTED ISLE, by Helen Eva Yates (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.). An account of a Java paradise.

ROMAN ROUND-ABOUT, by Amelia Bruzdova (Routledge. 7s. 6d.). More reminiscences by the author of *Sardinia Sideshow*.

LETTSOM, by Johnston Abraham (Heinemann. 30s.). A study of medical and social life in the London of George III; a vivid pageant.

On page 534 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

ALL MY OWN WORK: The pavement artist, hat in hand, patiently awaits the passing of his clientèle

THE SPECIALIST: This pavement artist confines himself exclusively to reproducing the head of Rembrandt. He is usually to be seen at work either in Regent Street or the Strand. *Left*—The type of pavement artist who is obviously a real craftsman. His patrons can always see him at work, and at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not paying for a display of hired pictures

THE ART of the SCREEVER

By HERBERT JEANS

Whatever other praiseworthy qualities the pavement artist may or may not possess, he must at least be an early riser. If he is not at his place of business by eight o'clock in the morning at the latest some rival may take his pitch.

He pays no rent and buys no licence. He occupies his pitch only by the tolerance of the police. To avoid offending the susceptibilities of neighbouring property-owners, he usually selects a site by a dead wall or fence, and if he claims his lot early in the morning he may be reasonably sure of occupying it in peace for the remainder of the day.

The general public are his critics—and sometimes his patrons. His censors are the police. If he encroaches too far upon the pavement he is told to make his pictures smaller. If, in the exercise of his art, he offends against good taste he will hear about it at once from the constable on the beat. The screever counts that gentleman among his best friends. He dare not disobey him.

The London screevers may be roughly divided into two classes—(a) the genuine artist who works in public, (b) the more doubtful character, who brings his panels or canvases already completed, and props them against the wall in appeal for public appreciation.

The men who draw in chalks directly on the stone complain that the modern pavement, which is made of artificial stone, is not suitable for their work. The stone shows through, they say, when the artist attempts to shade by rubbing, and the dark spots of carborundum in artificial stone which sparkle at night are particular offenders in this way.

But what is the artist to do? Nearly all repavings are being carried out in artificial stone, and if he moves to a neighbourhood where the old stone pavement still exists he loses his regular clientèle.

The calling is not without its occasional romances. There is the case of the poor young man of no special art training, for instance, who commenced his career on the pavement and was fortunate enough to be noticed and taken up by an enterprising advertising expert. He is now one of the leading exponents of commercial art, and his poster work has made him famous in his own line.

This, however, is an exceptional case. There are pavement artists who have real talent but who never seem to get an opportunity, or perhaps fail in the knack of seizing it when it comes. The screever spends a long day on the pavement all the year round in all sorts of weather, and the rewards, as a rule, are small.

AFTER MATANIA: An ex-soldier and artist of the street who has proved himself an expert copyist and can usually command at least ten shillings for each of his productions. Readers of "The Sphere" will readily recognise in the pictures "hanging on the line" some excellent copies of the work of F. Matania—a master of historical detail whom many a budding artist could well afford to follow

AN ARTIST'S UPS AND DOWNS: Arthur Webb, a colleague of Charles Chaplin in his circus days, eking out a bare living on the hard pavements of the Strand. He returned from America with Stan Laurel, of film fame, and joined partnership with him in an unsuccessful stage venture. As a street exhibitor his painstaking work was much admired

A LABOURER ARTIST WHO REACHED THE TOP: Mr. Lionel Ellis, at one time earning a bare living wage as a farm hand, won a scholarship from Plymouth School of Art to the Royal College of Art, London. In the days when this picture was taken he supplemented a meagre income of £60 a year by displaying his pictures in Trafalgar Square. The outstanding quality of his craftsmanship attracted the favourable notice of passers-by, and probably did much to ensure recognition of his work. He has since exhibited at the Redfern Galleries

HOW AMSTERDAM BRINGS

Views of the Great North Sea Canal

CUTTING OFF THE CORNER: The magnificent inland waterway connecting Amsterdam directly with the North Sea

THE RIGOURS OF WINTER: Sometimes the canal is completely frozen over and ice-breakers are kept constantly at work clearing a passage. A cargo vessel is seen steaming towards the North Sea after an ice-breaker had previously prepared the way

A MODEL OF THE GREAT LOCK AT IJMUIDEN which lifts the outward-bound liners to sea-level after they have covered the sixteen-and-a-half mile canal journey from Amsterdam

The harbour of Amsterdam, like most of Holland, owes its existence more to the dauntless courage of the Dutch than to any natural circumstance. One only needs to spend a few weeks in the Netherlands to realize with what quiet, brave persistence the whole country has been created out of little more than sand, silt, and sea. As if a group of Dutchmen were to get together from time to time and say: "Here, on this muddy waste, we shall build a fair city and a great harbour. This great sea we shall transform into a 1,000,000 acres of cornfields!" None of them doubts that it can be done; and to be sure, while the rest of the world wrangles over debts, pacts, tariffs, and that political bunkum which is the stock-in-trade of modern democratic governments, the Dutchman gravely builds his city, excavates his harbour, rolls back the sea over hundreds of square miles, and, incidentally, continues to be relatively more prosperous and contented than his neighbours.

Amsterdam's harbour is, of course, nothing new. It has been there at least as long as the Zuyder Zee, on which all its commerce was formerly carried. Fine old cities, now lifeless, grass-grown, and pathetic, were rich intermediate ports along the shores of the Zuyder Zee, between Amsterdam and the German Ocean. With the coming of steam and steel, the Zuyder Zee was found to be too shallow, and a dangerous bar, accumulating near Amsterdam at the mouth of the River Y, deflected the shipping of Amsterdam to the rival port of Rotterdam. The harbour of Amsterdam dwindled. The ports of the Zuyder Zee died. The Amsterdamers got together and said, "This won't do!"

If the Dutchman says that, he means it. The people of Amsterdam meant it. In 1819 they decided to make their harbour independent of the Zuyder Zee by forming a canal to the ocean. The King of the Netherlands was in favour of the direct route since adopted, but private interests prevailed and the Grand Ship Canal of North Holland was constructed over a distance of forty-six miles from Amsterdam to Nieuwediep, near Den Helder. It proved to be of tremendous benefit and restored the importance of Amsterdam as a harbour; but it had too many disadvantages to satisfy the Dutch. Above all, it involved serious delays, large incoming vessels being obliged to tranship part of their cargoes at Nieuwediep. Once more the Amsterdamers got together and said, "This won't do!"

They immediately raised a sum of 35,000,000 guldens and set to work on the construction of a new canal direct from Amsterdam to the North Sea at Ijmuiden. Although the distance was shorter than to Nieuwediep, the engineering problems were tremendously greater, including the construction of powerful dykes, the draining of huge swamps, and the building of colossal sluice gates. The job was pushed forward with the quiet vigour characteristic of the Dutch, and was triumphantly completed in 1876. It was the biggest canal in the world, with a width of 100 metres and a depth of fifteen.

I suppose Amsterdam is the only harbour in the world which, dissatisfied with one sea as an outlet, turned right-about-face to another. That is what this city has done. It has rejected the Zuyder Zee and forced the North Sea into its service. It still, of course, retains interest in the Zuyder Zee, and thousands of small inland craft pass yearly through the locks at the east end of the harbour on voyages along the Zuyder Zee coast, or, more properly now, the Ijsselmeer coast. The importance of the harbour depends, however, on the North Sea Canal, which the largest ocean-going vessels are able in normal conditions to navigate without tug-boat assistance, and which has transformed Amsterdam into an international port of the first rank. In 1876, the year the canal was opened, some 1,200 ships passed from the North Sea to the newly-constructed quays of Amsterdam. By 1901, the number had risen to over 2,000 ships. In 1929 there were just under 4,000.

(Continued on p. 534)

THE SEA TO HER DOOR

THE LINER "JOHAN DE WITT" PASSING THROUGH THE NORTH SEA CANAL: This great waterway, which was completed in 1876, saves liners an extra journey of at least eighty miles. Previously Amsterdam had been compelled to use the Zuyder Zee for her shipping, and it was not until the canal was built that she was transformed from a comparatively busy centre into an international port of the first rank. In 1876 some 1,200 ships passed from the North Sea to her newly constructed quays, and since that time the number has been almost quadrupled

AMSTERDAM HARBOUR: Liners and cargo vessels crowding the quays of what is in normal times one of Europe's busiest ports. The harbour to-day affords ample evidence of the world trade crisis, many cargo vessels and liners being laid up at enormous loss to their owners

A COMEDY TEAM AT THE STRAND: Marjorie Brookes, Zelma O'Neal, Leslie Henson, and Robertson Hare, in a scene from the new musical comedy, *Nice Goings On*. Mr. Henson, as usual, is at the top of his form, while Mr. Robertson Hare, abandoning himself to a wild negroid dance, proves himself as mirth-provoking a figure as ever

"FUNNY FACE": Leslie Henson and Marjorie Brookes in another scene from *Nice Goings On*

LESLIE HENSON, as a Scandinavian clerk who is out to win promotion in a Public Welfare Office by detecting his colleagues in immorality, in an amusing scene from the aptly titled *Nice Goings On*. With him are David Hutcheson and Sydney Fairbrother—the latter her usual decorous Victorian self

I can at last see signs of a break in the fair weather of uncritical eulogy in which the Old Vic. has for some occult reason been able to bask for so long. That attitude has ranged from that of Don't-shoot-the-pianist-he's-doing-his-best (reasonable enough when this organization was struggling along in adverse circumstances) to one that seems to have sprung from a wide conviction that whatever happens at the Old Vic. must be right just because it *does* happen at the Old Vic.

But the Old Vic. of 1933 is very far removed from adversity. Doubtless it has its anxieties, as does any other theatre. It has also an exceptional amount of goodwill, which no one will grudge it, one of the most enthusiastic and least discerning crowd of supporters in all theatrical history, and certain tangible assets of no mean value denied to places of entertainment north of the river.

If the answer to this last point is that this theatre is a place of instruction rather than of entertainment, the more need is there to look to its methods and to its policy.

For a wave of self-satisfaction seems to have blinded any sort of local perception that either of these is at fault, or could possibly be at fault in any circumstances. I can think of no other explanation of the deficiencies in the present revival of *Twelfth Night*. That is, indeed, the kindliest explanation. The only other is that the silliness has been committed deliberately.

That has happened elsewhere in the past, sometimes with perfect sincerity. There are those who honestly think that when Shakespeare is tackled the prime essential is to mess about with him.

So on no account must the plays be allowed to play themselves, with scenery and costumes as good as the purse will permit, on a reasonable stage—i.e., a flat one. The stage must be built up, the costumes must be anything other than Elizabethan, and the lines must be either "realistically" inaudible, or twisted out of all recognition.

The producer of *Twelfth Night* at this new and odd Vic. has contrived to obey simultaneously all the dictates of an imbecile fashion. The characters spent much of their time trotting up and down flights of stairs when they were not, apparently, descending to a cellar. The play was clad—on what grounds?—in Carolean costume. The presence of a heavy and unquestionable 1933 structure did away with any sense of a garden or Nature, and damped gloomily any attempt at fun.

And for the part of Olivia—the beauteous and aristocratic Olivia, the music of whose lines is so enchanting—was cast a petite lady, who as a dancer won success in comedy parts in the Diaghileff ballet, but whose efforts to speak English at all were as unhappy as her appearance in such a rôle was incongruous.

I can applaud Madame Lopokova's courage in undertaking a task so unsuited to her, but not her wisdom. She cannot entirely escape blame for the fact that both the poetry and dramatic value of Olivia's scenes were reduced to farce, and uncomfortable farce at that. Compared with this, the engagement as Singing Clown of an actor who obviously had no singing voice, and, to do him justice, did not pretend that he had, was a minor aberration.

Miss Ursula Jeans' Viola was charming; she has grace, beauty, a sense of comedy—in fact, all that this type of work needs except experience. It is a pity that her début in Shakespeare could not have been made in less difficult circumstances. Miss Athene Seyler, though given to gasping, was a cheery and obviously experienced Maria. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Malvolio was excellent. But these, and other clever players, had a needlessly uphill fight.

"The Sleeping Clergyman."—Dr. James Bridie, the Scots doctor-dramatist (that is not his name, but he is a doctor and a dramatist), plunged back into the medical history of his native land when in *The Anatomist* he showed us Dr. Knox and the infamous Burke and Hare. In *A Sleeping Clergyman* at the Piccadilly Theatre he does not go further back than the 'sixties, but he dives into a deeper subject. And he makes a vital and interesting drama out of it.

The material is at first sight unpromising. What, after all, can be done in the theatre with biology and bacteriology? The answer is, a great deal, and Dr. Bridie has done it.

The title is probably a pardonable piece of whimsicality, due to the Barrie microbe. I note that there is an attempt to explain the snoring of a parson in a club armchair as the indifference of Christianity to the march of science and the oddities of heredity. That is ingenious, though religion is not indifferent to any of these things.

It is more probable that the author, having written an extremely good play, did not worry much about its title, which happens to be a rather striking one. Club cronies who comment and reminisce after the fashion of a Greek chorus are a luxury, since they have even less to do with the play than the genealogical tree on the act-drop. But Dr. Bridie can afford such luxuries.

Charles Cameron, genius, rotter, and medical student, is dying of consumption in 1862 in his lodgings in Glasgow. With him are test-tubes containing bacteria culture, kindly but unprogressive Dr. Marshall, a bottle of whisky, a dour landlady, and Dr. Marshall's sister, whose lover he has been and who is about to have a child. He hits her on the jaw and dies before he can marry her.

The years pass and the child, a girl, tempts a young student, her uncle's protegé; when she finds his attitude awkward towards her intention of marrying someone else, she poisons him, her uncle, Dr. Marshall, covering up her tracks.

After the lapse of more years we see her children—twins. The boy, another Charles Cameron, after a riotous youth involving a visit to a harlot's flat in uniform (for the war is on) and wearing a row of medals like a commissionaire (a false touch this), becomes a famous doctor who alone can, and does, save the world from some dreadful epidemic which is threatening to wipe out humanity in 1938.

The evil streak in him now appears to be confined to excessive and unnecessary rudeness. His twin sister gives no indication of vice and has a job at Geneva in connection with the League of Nations. Possibly Dr. Bridie will in an epilogue as yet unwritten show her, true to Cameronian crime, poisoning every member of the League—unless that would, not unreasonably, be taken as conferring a benefit on the world in general.

For altruism is absent from this strange play. Charles Cameron II does not save mankind with his mysterious serum because he likes mankind. Even the Geneva sister asks why he takes the trouble.

Dr. Bridie presents as many problems as Shaw. He presents them more dramatically because he has more directness of purpose, and does not allow his characters to talk about every imaginable subject under the sun just for the sake of talking. He has written a difficult play which because of its

PLAYS OF THE WEEK

Shortcomings of the "Twelfth Night" Production at the Old Vic.: "The Sleeping Clergyman" Provides Vital and Entertaining Drama: Sir John Martin Harvey as a Croydon Grocer

By PHILIP PAGE

difficulty should be seen several times. This does not mean that it should not be seen once by those whose sole object is entertainment value.

The acting of Mr. Robert Donat, as a couple of Camerons, of Miss Dorice Fordred, of Mr. Ernest Thesiger (Dr. Marshall), and of Miss Pamela Carme is impeccable.

"Night's Candles."—Mr. Ernest Milton is one of the few actors who give us the fantastical-historical, and that he does in full measure. *Night's Candles*, at the Queen's Theatre, adapted from a story about the wicked, wicked Medici by Alfred de Musset, is a play after his own heart and after the hearts of his admirers. I trust these are plentiful, for costume plays intelligently acted and produced are rare these days, and it is pleasant to get away from drab realism to a land of romance that is not utterly nonsensical.

The chief fault in *Night's Candles* is that it does not move swiftly enough, and that the central theme is overloaded with the political intrigues of 16th century Italy in which 20th century London cannot be expected to take much interest. When murder is afoot all is well.

Mr. Milton, as the effeminate nerve-ridden Lorenzino de Medici, hates, as does all Florence, his cousin, Duke Alessandro. For the Duke is a coarse libertine with a catalogue of vices to his discredit, few of which are left to the imagination. Lorenzino has all Hamlet's hesitation, with none of his ability, and takes the whole of the evening to make up his mind when, where, and how Alessandro is to be killed. But killed he is, and so is Lorenzino.

A grim drama this, unrelieved by humour, unless the macabre attitudinizing of Mr. Milton comes into that department. Once or twice he raised some titters. But I do not consider those were deserved; this Lorenzino was an impossible creature and had to be played on the wildest lines. Mr. Milton chose the right course.

Mr. Roy Emerton, vastly tall and with a roar like a bull, wasted no subtlety on the Duke, who was probably an animal of a man. Miss Catherine Lacey, who won deserved success in *The Green Bay Tree*, is here adding to it in another nasty but powerful play. She let herself go in a scene dangerously near obscenity, and by the emotional intensity of her acting made it something fine.

"If Only Father ——"—Sir John Martin Harvey's appearances in London are rare, and his appearances in new plays rarer still. He is an artist of such charm and romantic grace, he acts so sincerely in *If Only Father* ——, which he has produced at the Savoy, that I would that I could stretch a point and say that this is even a tolerable play.

Alas, it is a drama of the psychic-experiment type which misses fire badly. When plays about the dead returning do not impress they are boring in the extreme.

We are not told why Jonathan Perigoe, grocer, deceased, came from the grave to this not very happy family, and after less than one act we do not care. There was no motive, no great catastrophe to summon him from the vasty deep. Nor do we learn why he went back. He stayed a little while to drop some advice and a few aitches and then vanished, what little interest the piece had vanishing with him.

There is an attempt at Dickensian sentimentality in the capers of this rather cheerful and rather common little ghost. But the sentimentality rings false. Moreover, although I admire Sir John as one of the very greatest of our actors and an alluring personality, comedy of the lower-middle class type is not his line of country at all.

Miss N. de Silva gave a quietly sympathetic performance as his wife, and Miss Mary Alston was cleverly unpleasant as his unpleasant daughter. But plays about the Beyond are, 90 per cent. of them, beyond all rhyme and reason, and this, I fear, is one of the large and unfortunate majority.

London's Opera.—It is typical of the strange way in which London manages its music that after many months of no opera at all two opera seasons should now be in full swing. The newly-founded Metropolitan Opera Company, after some performances at Streatham which were not without blemish, is now doing some really good work at Golder's Green. Last week opera started at Sadler's Wells with a performance of *La Bohème* which was followed by a much better one of *Lohengrin*.

The M.O.C. (which is much the same as the old B.N.O.C.) production of *Die Meistersingers* which I heard was full of good points, notably among the principals. The new and very simple scenery is good of its kind, and doubtless dictated by motives of economy. But I must confess to liking my grand opera rather grand in this respect, particularly Wagnerian opera. The Nuremberg church, for instance, should, as far as is possible, be dim and religious and mediæval and not like a whitewashed Baptist chapel.

The M.O.C. orchestra, however, has vastly improved and the singing was always good; so that is three-quarters of the battle won. Mr. Arthur Fear could always sing Hans Sachs superbly; his style is in no way spoiled by his having had (I trust with profitable results) to cavort about at the Coliseum for months in *Casanova*. Mr. Parry Jones is a fine tenor and he is now singing Walther better than ever. I have never heard a sweeter Eva in Germany, and certainly not in France, than Miss Miriam Licette.

Meanwhile, the chief ballet news, for that amazing season at the Alhambra still continues, is that Mlle Riabouchinska has returned and that Mlle Toumanova has been added to the company.

A TALE OF THE IRISH SWEEP: Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Sheppey*, a play punctuated with his usual cynicism, is already proving a great draw at Wyndham's. It is the story of a barber's assistant who, having won £8,500, refuses to commit the usual extravagances associated with new-found wealth, and attempts to lead his life as nearly as possible after the pattern of Christ. Unrelenting, he meets with the whole-hearted opposition of his family. *Left*—Mrs. Miller (Cecily Oates), Ernest Turner (Eric Portman), and Florrie (Angela Baddeley). *Right*—Sheppey (Ralph Richardson) and Bradley (Antony Holles)

THE NEW SOMERSET MAUGHAM PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S

Mrs. Miller (Cecily Oates), Bessie Legros (Laura Cowie), Florrie (Angela Baddeley), Cooper (Victor Stanley), Sheppey (Ralph Richardson), and Ernest Turner (Eric Portman) in a scene from *Sheppey*

A DARTMOOR PONY ROUND-UP

THE ANNUAL ROUND-UP OF PONIES, which are allowed through a part of the year to roam at will over Dartmoor, took place last week at Moor Gate, near Shaugh. The owners gathered their unwilling ponies in the neighbouring lanes and, after much inter-equine kicking, finally succeeded in getting them under control

LUMBERING IN SUSSEX: A logging team from Cumberland hauling tree trunks from High Ridge, Hurst Green. The teamsters travel round the countryside and put their horses to work wherever they can find a demand for their services. *Right*—TRICYCLE TRACTION: Mr. Richard Fonge of Worminghall, near Thame, follows the South Oxfordshire Hounds on a three-wheeler. "Safer than them there 'osses!" is his apt comment

KEEPING HIS HOME TOGETHER: Brother Malachi, the Mendip Hermit, repairing the leaks in his roof. The ladder, as may be imagined, is one of his own making

THE HERMIT POSES: Brother Malachi seen outside his tiny hut in the Mendips in the monastic robes he chooses to affect as being symbolic of his secluded existence

The HERMIT of the MENDIPS

Evidently dissatisfied with the rush of modern life, Brother Malachi, a thirty-year-old Oxford undergraduate, has adopted the role of hermit. His home is a tiny hut on the heights of the windswept Mendips, and all his requirements he endeavours to meet himself. He grows and cooks his own food, which consists largely of vegetables, and for the most part has succeeded in ordering his daily life in such a manner that he needs no help from the outside world. In his self-created solitude, Brother Malachi is able to concentrate on literary compositions in Latin—one of the eight languages in which he can discourse and write fluently. At one time this strange hermit, whose name is of his own making, was employed as a gardener in a Spanish monastery

FORTY YEARS OF SOLITUDE: Mr. Jack Austin, who is over eighty years old and who was at one time a member of the Royal Sussex Regiment, seen near the small hut at the foot of the Steyning Hills in which he chooses to live in solitude. He is saving up from his limited income to buy a wireless set

HIKER AND HERMIT: Mr. Hugh McCaulay, who has lived for the past five years in the cave near Loch Nevis which Prince Charlie is reputed to have used after crossing from the Island of Skye, recounts the adventures of his aristocratic predecessor to an interested visitor. Mr. McCaulay is sixty-five years of age

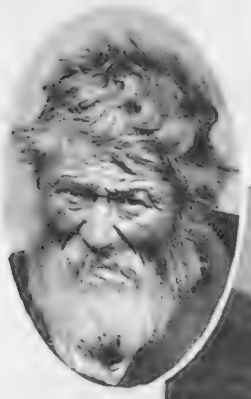
TEN YEARS in the OPEN

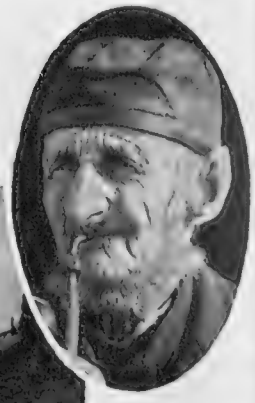
Mr. Hugh Dalton, at one time a London insurance clerk, has slept out of doors for ten years and now lives in a small gipsy tent at High Heavens, Marlow, Bucks. He is a picturesque figure in his shorts, puttees, and peculiar hat, and is known to campers and climbers in all parts of the world. During the winter he makes tents and in the summer runs adventure parties in Switzerland and the Lake District. Although sixty-five years old he is still an expert mountaineer

Left — Mr. Dalton keeps in training for the climbing season; and *(right)* outside his gipsy tent at High Heavens, Marlow

THE GLORIES of the UPPER ENGADINE

Summer and Autumn in the Swiss Mountains





HARVEST TIME NEAR DAVOS: A charming summer evening scene taken on an Engadine farmstead. *Top left*—A NATIVE OF GRISONS who evidently finds little satisfaction in the adjustment of his coiffure. *Top right*—CONTEMPLATION: Another peasant type from the Canton of Grisons

THE OLD FIVE-HORSE COACH makes its way down the steep gradient of the Fluela Pass

IN THE TOGGENBURG RANGE: A Swiss peasant drives his cattle to the pastures after milking

AUTUMN: Early morning in the Upper Engadine as the trees begin to thin out

UP THE MOUNTAIN PATH: Holiday-makers en route for the Sils Lake—a delightful bathing centre near Maloja

MALOJA AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: The famous Upper Engadine resort seen across the waters of the Sils Lake. Winter sports are at their best here, with skating on the lake and artificial rink, curling, and toboggan and bob runs on the Val Bregaglia Road

A HIKING HOLIDAY: Following one of the many delightful hill paths which abound in the Maloja district

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

AMONG THE PEAKS OF THE ENGADINE: A magnificent view of the Morteratsch glacier—one of the show places of the Bernina Range—seen from a neighbouring hill above Pontresina. The motor roads in this district are excellent

Assistance for Motorists in Switzerland

Motorists who are contemplating a tour in Switzerland will learn with interest that special attention is being paid to the needs of motorists in that country. The Touring-Club Suisse has recently installed telephones at frequent intervals on the most important and difficult mountain roads, as a special safety service, so that in the case of an accident aid can be summoned promptly, and all risk of exposure to the mountain cold can be avoided. A free mobile aid service has also been established by this club on the principal motoring roads and, a great boon to motorists, at all the important frontier towns officials have been appointed to give free assistance to motorists in the matter of Customs and the Swiss traffic regulations.

A Thousand Miles Up the Amazon

A particularly enjoyable trip at this season of the year is that which one can make on the steamers of the Booth Line to Brazil, the Amazon, and over a thousand miles up this marvellous river, one of the wonders of the world. The journey is made by way of ports on the coast of Portugal, and the island of Madeira, and this portion of it and the passage up the Amazon past Para, the great river's gateway to Manaos, the metropolis of the Amazonian wilds, are full of interest; but it is when you go from Manaos in a shallow-draught steamer up the Rio Negro to view the beautiful Taruma Falls, and finally leave the steamer to be paddled up the Igarapé Taruma in small boats through the heart of the vast Amazonian jungle, that the fascination of the scenery fastens upon you, the amazing luxuriance of the vegetation, the riot of colour, the brilliance of the insect life, and the wildness and remoteness of it all. You realize that what you are witnessing is one of the most wonderful sights Nature can provide, and that it is a privilege indeed to be able to see it in comfort, and to carry away none but the most pleasant memories of your journey through a tropical forest. And for ever after you will understand the difficulties which beset the path of the pioneer in the tropics, and remember his efforts in "blazing the trail" for you with gratitude.

IN THE FINNISH CAPITAL: The imposing railway terminus at Helsingfors

UP THE RIO NEGRO: The beautiful Taruma Falls in the heart of the South American jungle. Booth Line steamers now make it possible to visit this remote spot, at one time the goal only of the pioneer and adventurer

In a Land of Lakes

The recent "British Week" in Helsingfors, or Helsinki, as the capital of Finland is now termed, has resulted in many British visitors to the country of lakes and islands, of which latter it has, perhaps, the largest number in the world. But apart from "British Week" visitors, Finland has had a large number of tourists, from this and other countries, during the present summer, which is not to be wondered at when one has seen something of the charms the country has to offer. Moreover, communications by land and water are good, a fine motor road has been made, with comfortable rest-houses by the wayside, over which a motor service is maintained to Petsamo, well within the Arctic Circle, and where one may see how the Lapps live, with their vast herds of reindeer, and watch the midnight sun. Another factor is that the exchange favours the British visitor, and hotel accommodation is both remarkably cheap and good.

THE CHARMS OF FINLAND: A typical lakeland view from the heights of Koli—one of the country's most popular tourists' resorts

MODERN HELSINGFORS: A general view of the city taken from across the south harbour. The massive building in the centre is the Nikolai Church (erected during the days of Russian rule) which dominates the Senate Square, and the neighbouring State Council building, the University, and the old City Hall. It was in this square that "British Week" was inaugurated some days ago by Colonel Colville, Parliamentary Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department

NORTHERN MEETING GAMES, INVERNESS

TARTAN AND TWEED: Captain G. E. Gordon-Duff, Miss Juliet Findlay, Lady Edmund Findlay, Mr. Bruce Hardley, and Miss Bowhill

A GATHERING OF THE CLANS: Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Haig, Captain Haig, General Cameron, and Major Stuart

IN LIGHTER MOOD: The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, Miss Elspeth Bailey, and Captain G. E. Gordon-Duff (in foreground)

A SARTORIAL MEDLEY: Captain G. Murray, Colonel and Mrs. Hopkinson, and Mrs. Murray chatting near the grandstand

TWO GENERATIONS: The Countess of Dunmore, Donald Cameron Yr. of Lochiel, Lady Elizabeth Murray, and the Earl of Dunmore, V.C.

A KILTED QUARTETTE: Mr. Somerled Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Grant, the Hon. Archibald Campbell, and Major David Ross

STICKS AND STYLES: Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Sutcliffe

ANIMATION: Mrs. Harry Cox and Mr. K. A. S. Leslie

A GRANDSTAND TRIO: Mr. Ross of Cromarty, Miss Ogden, and Mr. Stone

TÊTE-À-TÊTE: Colonel Fraser chats with Lady Grant

CAVALIERS IN KILTS: Miss Lockhart, Miss Spangler, Mr. Drummond, and Mr. Macrae

A FAMOUS PIPER Wins the Gold Clasp

The Northern Meeting Games in the Highland capital attracted, as usual, a large and distinguished gathering. The accompanying pictures, taken in the brilliant sunshine of the concluding day, show some of the notabilities who turned up to see the piping competition for the Gold Clasp. This is presented by the Piobaireachd Society to former winners of the Highland Society of London's gold medal, and invariably brings together some of the finest exponents of the art in Scotland. Of the nine contestants, each of whom regaled the gathering with famous pibrochs, the veteran pipe-major, John Macdonald, of Inverness, was once again adjudged the winner. It was an additional tribute to Macdonald that the runners-up should be two of his former pupils in M. R. Macpherson, of Sutherland, and R. U. Brown, of Balmoral, one of the King's pipers

BETWEEN EVENTS: Miss Villier, Major Stewart, and Colonel The Mackintosh of Mackintosh

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Tourer de Luxe £192

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Saloon de Luxe £235
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Coats are interesting and intensely individual this year whether they are lavishly or most discreetly trimmed with fur. The great thing is that the treatment of the upper part of the coat must be dramatic. To frame the head with the soft luxury of fox is not enough. It must be used with a touch of originality which creates a new outline and adds piquancy to a coat which in every other respect may be as conservative as its wearer chooses. Slenderness is stressed. Belted and wrap models are equally popular. The sleeve interest may be created anywhere between the shoulder and the wrist. But breadth of shoulder is essential. The general tendency may be gleaned from the sketches on this page, all of which have been chosen as being typical of a vogue that is interpreted in many ways though always the main theme is the same. The coat on the left at the head of this page is expressed in an autumn novelty fabric with a double collar of Persian lamb, the outer part of which can be thrown back to form a moulded shoulder cape. Beneath it is a brown crepe weave coat with cleverly-cut cape treatment. The cuffs and collar are of golden nutria.

Lustrous brown seal is used for the two-piece collar of the third model on the left. Made of a soft smoky-brown beige tweed with long white hairs, the sleeve fullness is concentrated at the elbow, and the coat is wrapped closely round the figure. All these models come from Debenham and Freebody. On the right, at the head of this page, is a neat little coat with full sleeves set on at the shoulders with organ pleats. The cross-over scarf is of Persian lamb, and the back is intricately seamed. A cape collar of broadtail edged with shaded fox gives a luxurious air to the second coat of fancy weave black woollen fabric, while the country coat below it is of diagonal tweed in green and grey or brown and fawn, fastened with rings and lacquered bolts. These three models come from Woolland Bros. and include types that are suitable for all occasions

Wool velvet is a material that is being used extensively in London and Paris, and it is chosen for the coat on the right, which comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., and is made in the green that is so fashionable. The unusual arrangement of the scarf-collar and yoke of nutria is heightened by the fullness of the shoulders and a padded wedge of the material which runs down the back to the waist and creates an impression of height and slenderness. Fur-trimmed coats may be obtained in these salons from six guineas, while for 98s. 6d. there are admirably-tailored tweed coats which are equally at home in town or in the country

Broadtail cloth is a general favourite, for it looks important, it wears wonderfully, and it does not seem to mind rain in the very least. The coat on the left is cut on generous lines, and is especially suitable for the full figure. Enriched with a flattering collar and sleeve bands of Sitka pointed fox, it comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge, where a range of pony cloth coats is available for eight and a half guineas. Trimmed with sable squirrel, they are unbelievably effective and very durable

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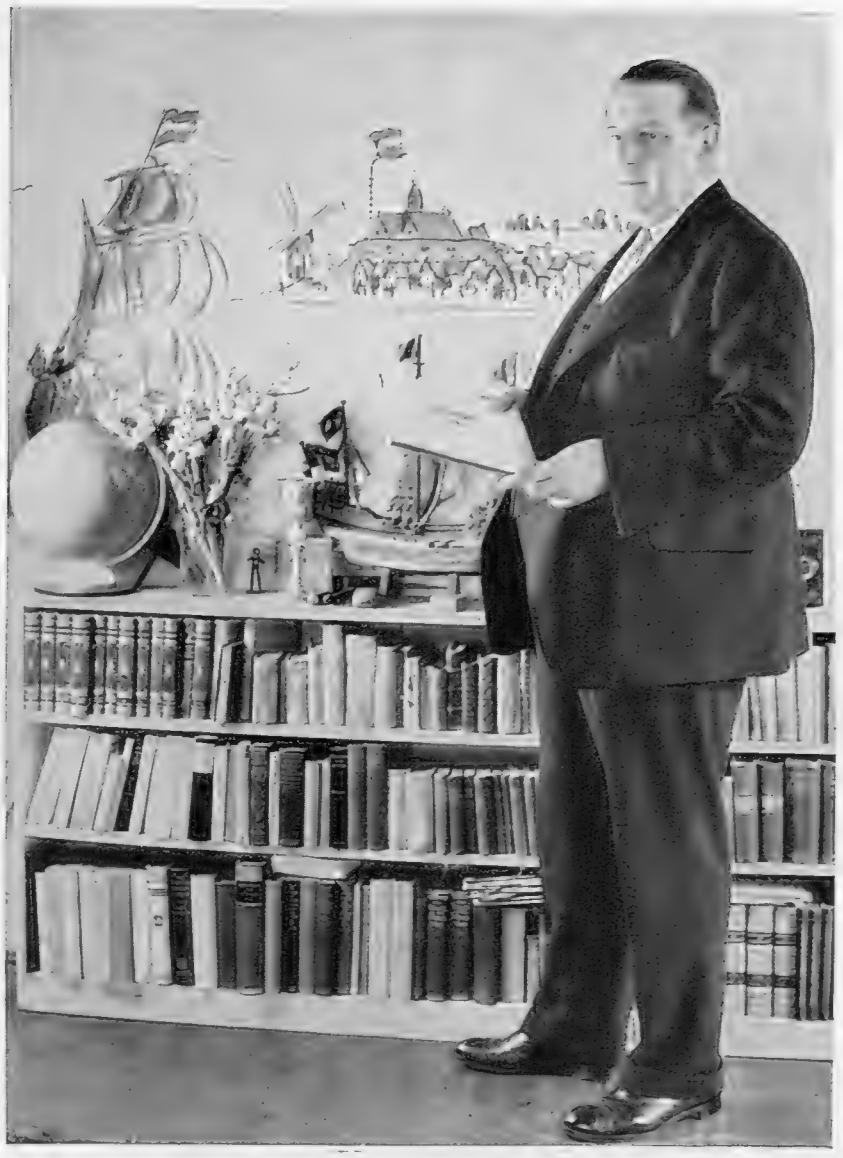

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BOOKS (*Continued from p.* 520)

it holds up the reader from the first page to the last.

I doubt whether **Mr. Edward Woodward** has written a better, more tender, and life-like book than **Bitter Love (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).** Its theme is the damage wrought by the selfish love of a mother who will not allow her children to lead their own lives. The more personal history of young Richard Hopkinson points the moral. His adventure through a youth edged with poverty and the loneliness of a sensitive nature is most feelingly told. Mr. Woodward is quite merciless in his analysis of life in Lilac Cottage, but the picture of mean respectability has never been better drawn. This novel should enhance the author's reputation.

The liner, she's a lady. In **The Commander Shall,** by **Humfrey Jordan (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.),** someone who intimately knows the history and habits of that lady has described the care with which she has to be taken out across the seas. A captain's job is to command a ship, but these days he also has to be a master of ceremonies to a tribe of tourists who take offence if he is not a Don Juan as well as an R.N.R. I have nothing but praise for the fidelity, the skill, and the drama which Mr. Jordan has put into this book. Captain Gaunt and the liner are a pair that one is sorry to part with at the journey's end.

Here is a miracle of good print, scholarship, and cheapness. **Messrs. Dent** have combined the three volumes of their **La Divina Commedia** from the Temple Classics, with Italian and English text on facing pages, in one volume at the price of 6s. The whole volume marks an achievement in publishing.

HOW AMSTERDAM BRINGS THE SEA TO HER DOOR

(*Continued from p.* 522)

A harbour with all the brilliant and picturesque circumstance of great seaports, yet with no view of the sea even from its loftiest towers, it is one of the strangest sights in the world. In some respects the whole of Amsterdam is harbour. Even in the heart of the city you are confronted at every turn with canals crammed full of tugs, barges, motor launches, and the dozen and one different varieties of craft designed for such special purposes as conveying produce from the city markets to the city shops and warehouses, carrying exports or transhipments through the city on the way to Paris or the Rhine, and conducting the police on their mysterious duties among a maze of half-hidden waterways. Half the streets of Amsterdam are quays.

Evidence of the crisis as it affects shipping was certainly plentiful in the harbour. I cruised about in the company of a former ship's officer who had spent his whole life at sea and now busied himself enforcing the rules and regulations of the harbour. "More of our time is taken up with dead ships than with live ones," he said. Ships ranging from 3,000 to 15,000 tons were laid up, miles of warehouses stood empty, and dozens of huge transporter cranes, part of the enormous equipment which makes Amsterdam one of the most modern ports of the world, were silent.

"But things are improving," said the ship's officer. "This last quarter has been the best of the year."

We turned with relief from the idle quays and anchorages to where the colour and commotion of ships loading and unloading displayed the normal characteristics of Amsterdam Harbour.

In the middle of the harbour lay a big passenger steamer, out of commission. Since the disastrous burning of the magnificent oil steamer, *P. C. Hooft*, this steamer has been given by the owners, who are one of the most important shipping companies of Holland, to the Amsterdam Fire Brigade for use as a training ship on which instruction can be given concerning fire at sea. Beyond this training ship, a little south of the Zuyder Zee gates, we entered the great Rhine Canal, which is another of Holland's engineering masterpieces. The canal will shortly be navigable for ships of over 4,000 tons, so that goods from overseas, destined for Rhine ports, can pass from the North Sea to Amsterdam and thence, without transhipment, through the Rhine Canal direct to the great river and the cities of Western Germany. In 1929 over 2,500,000 tons of goods traffic passed between Amsterdam and the Rhine.

Roy Elston

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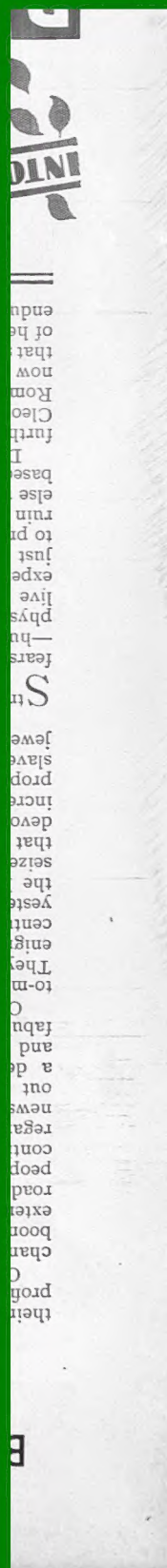
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